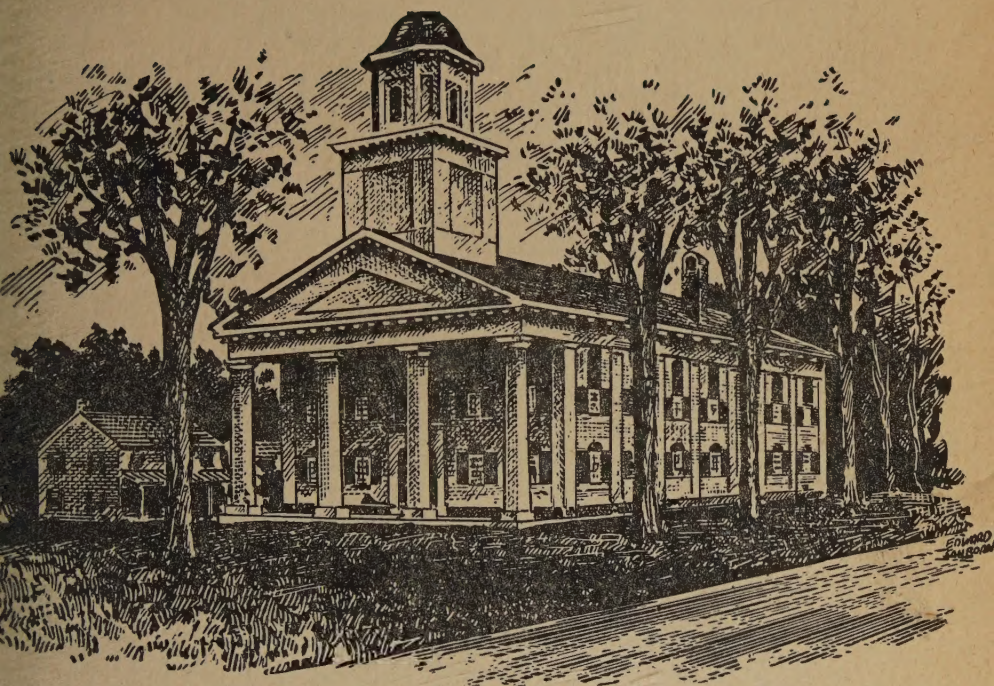


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NEW SERIES

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VOL. XIX No. 4

VERMONT

Quarterly

A MAGAZINE OF HISTORY



October 1951

The PROCEEDINGS of the
VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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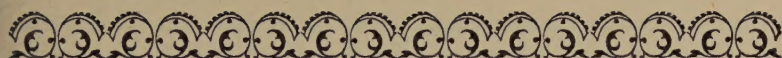
JAY PEAK

WESTFIELD AND JAY, VERMONT

“This field of observation is broad enough for frequent study, not only by travelers from foreign lands, but by the inhabitants of the country; and the young men and women of Vermont should not consider their education complete till they have stood upon some of the lofty eminences of the Green Mountains and studied their scenic beauty and sublimity.”

VERMONT HISTORICAL GAZETTEER

JANUARY 1, 1869



Don't Burn Those Manuscripts!

By JAMES TAYLOR DUNN

Librarian, The New York State Historical Association

The bonfires of the past in Vermont, and elsewhere no doubt, have destroyed documents of priceless value—and the destruction still goes on as old homes change hands or a younger generation, forgetting it will some day be old, does away with the past in thoughtless moments. We cannot control Time's "smokeless burning of decay," but we can stay, perhaps, mortal hands. We commend this earnest yet pleasantly written appeal for the stayed hand.—Editor.

DURING those early months a few years back, when I was a newcomer on the staff of the New York State Historical Association in Cooperstown, I remember that our director, Dr. Louis C. Jones, employed a phrase which has periodically come back to me ever since. He has not as yet copyrighted the three words used, nor have they been made a part of any of his numerous talks throughout the country. Therefore, with his permission for this bit of plagiarism, I want to take them as the main theme of my talk tonight. We were sitting in his office one afternoon, discussing problems and getting a few ideas "off our chests." I do not remember just what brought up the topic, but somewhere during the conversation Dr. Jones stated that, one day, he wished to write a book about museums, and that when he did he would call it "Junk is History." Notice that he did not say "History is Junk," which statement obviously would convey an entirely different meaning.

If we stop to analyze these three words, the truth becomes quite evident. At our two Cooperstown museums we are constantly reminded of the fact that junk is history. To be sure, a great many of the items collected for the Farmers' Museum have been treasured through the years by the owners and their parents. In one instance, it cost George Campbell, our assistant curator at the museum, two boxes of good cigars to persuade a somewhat recalcitrant farmer that his carefully guarded dogtread butter-churn should be in our collection. Many such items have been lovingly kept and cared for from one generation to the next. On the other hand, George tells me that

numerous unique, irreplaceable pieces have been saved from inevitable destruction just because he "happened along" at the right time. He has more than once been able to persuade others that what was being carelessly thrown out was definitely *not* a lot of trash. There was that attic full of wooden shovels, of trundle beds, of hand-turned wooden pitchers and pails, of numerous old carpenters' tools which he located over in Otsego County's Fly Creek. All these made valuable additions to our museum of farm life. But when George went back a week later to pick up other items left behind, all of what remained had been broken into small pieces of kindling wood. How true this is, that such has been and still is the destiny of a great deal of our history—kindling wood!

Things which many people consider to be worthless can often help us along the way to a better understanding of the lives of our forefathers. No one, I am certain, would scornfully discard a ladder-back chair, a fine early American sideboard or a handsomely stencilled chest of drawers. Yet why is it that a barley fork, worn a smooth and shiny yellow by the sweat and dirt of well-calloused hands, is still not considered of much value or interest or beauty? An old wooden sink, crudely hand-built by the earliest settlers and slaved over by many generations of pioneer women, will be quickly hacked to bits when a modern porcelain, chrome-edged replacement arrives. Just such a wooden sink, perhaps one of the first in the Otsego County region, was only a few years ago saved from the axe and can now be seen in our "Woman's World" display at the Farmers' Museum.

These objects, used not by the wealthy of the land but by the poor workers on and of the land, should be carefully preserved not only for our interest and education, but also for those generations yet to come. Your own state of Vermont is doing important work in guarding against the destruction of such buildings as the Hyde Log Cabin at Grand Isle. The Sheldon Museum in Middlebury and Mrs. J. Watson Webb's Shelburne Village are pioneering in the story of our past. We all know that there is no better safeguard for the future than an understanding of the successes and failures of yesteryear.

Let us grant that we and our children can understand the barley-forks, the iron-clad plows visually, not only by looking at them but also by handling them, by getting the "feel" of them; but what of the written records concerning these objects? How were they made? How used? What about the letters, the daybooks, the diaries of everyday life?

Here is where my work begins. As librarian of the New York State

Historical Association, one of my primary concerns is the written and printed records which will aid in interpreting the early farm life of New York State. Such records, especially the written ones, the torn and yellowed sheets of paper, are far more easily and more quickly destroyed than even the neglected old butter-churn on the farm or the cumbersome coffee grinder from the nearby country store.

I am not so much worried about the manuscripts and letters of our important men and women. We in this country, I believe, have come to realize sufficiently the worth of such documents to see that they are not ruthlessly destroyed or cut up. Furthermore, their value in the coin of the realm will go a long way toward safeguarding them. Rather, it is the letters, diaries and record books of the little people—the uneducated, the poor, the persecuted as they settled this vast country, that have to be watched for to insure against their being carelessly burned or discarded.

I have recently heard of an amazing Northern Vermont manuscript collection, thousands of documents covering the period from the very early days of Vermont and Eastern New York down to 1850, which was casually thrown into the backlot incinerator.

If I had my way, no old letters or documents of any kind would be burned or otherwise destroyed before being carefully gone over by a disinterested person. Far too often we learn of the wholesale burning of an entire collection only a matter of hours prior to our arrival. Old ledgers, recording under the customer's name the day-by-day purchases of groceries and gingham, sugar and cinnamon, are a source of great importance not only to the person interested in local history, but also to the economic historian. Letters, seemingly unimportant, frequently give us unexpected insights on the customs and ideals of another day, and aid us in understanding and interpreting our ancestors, just as we will need understanding and I am sure interpreting in the year 2050. Diaries which record each day's happenings, no matter how dull and prosaic the subject, can still give valuable information—even if it is just a matter of snow on a certain January day or whether it hailed in Montpelier on Monday.

Several years ago I received a letter from New York City, approximately ten typewritten pages in length, which gave a complete and most readable account of one person's reaction to the crippling blizzard of 1947. I am keeping that letter, believing as I do that, some day, it will become valuable source material. We know that letters and diaries written during the Civil War are daily becoming more and more difficult to find. Nor will it be too long before people will

be searching out similar manuscripts of the past two World Wars.

These are recent instances. I mention them only to show that what is of value to historians does not necessarily, as so many people seem to think, stop at one hundred or even fifty years ago. Yesterday's happenings are historically important today and will be doubly so tomorrow, and we should all certainly think twice before ruthlessly destroying such material.

About a year ago, while going through some of our manuscripts at Cooperstown, I came across the typewritten transcript of what looked like a most interesting letter. I was certain, however, that the original had been considerably dressed up. The letter itself was elsewhere, and to find and get it cost me in time and postage ten times more than it would ever bring on the market. I found that the transcriber had thoroughly emasculated the letter, completely altering the colorful spelling which can so often prove a useful guide to the pronunciation of words. It had been written to relatives back in his home village by a young man who had left Otsego County during the 1850's to try out his luck in the new and promising territory of Minnesota. Through it we get the reactions of the thousands of other young New Yorkers and Vermonters who dug up their roots and moved West to better their fortunes. He speaks of numerous York State friends who had also travelled into Minnesota when he writes:

Almon says that H. B. Waterman intends to sell his farm in Minesota City and moove out near him in the spring. I presume he has got enough of the shakes for it is one of the 'damdest' places in all suthern Minesota. A.C. lived there long enough last sumer to get the shakes, which if he had lived oupon the paraie he would of been as free from the diseas as you are. S. W. Bentley took \$800 dollars from travelers last year and can take \$4,000 for his farm any day. His farm concist of 40 acres of timber, and the rest pairai—16 acres is broak and fencet and is 18 miles of the river of Winona. Winona numbered a year ago 800 inhabitants now 3000. Four years ago S.W.B.'s hous was about the first house on the pairaic; now ther is howeses, steemmills, watermill, flouring mills, cattle, sheep, hoges and squalling "bratts," all along the road for 120 miles west of him—fast country this!!

In her 1820 diary, one of the most delightful ever to come my way, Sarah Amelia Fairman of Otsego County confided: "Jan. 2. My dear brothers, three in number, have been out and spent the first week of the New Year with us, as was recently contemplated upon; E. spent but a few days with us as he was on his route to the west. When he

commenced his jaunt we accompanied him, as far as Oxford, distance about 28 miles. It was curious, how it happened—we set out merely for a short ride to go as far as Ashby's Inn and had no idea of being absent from home but a few hours. But the day was pleasant and alluring; E. desired us to go on with him several miles farther. We laughed at the singular request, so unexpectedly made, and in an hour of jovial happiness concluded to take the *inconsiderate* trip. When we reached Norwich the day was insensibly *spent*. Still we thought we could return home that night, by riding late in the eve. But by the time we had dined, it was candlelight—then we saw in a clear light how rash was our adventure. We finally proceeded on to Oxford about eight miles from Norwich and reached an excellent hotel where we put up, and spent a comfortable night. Here we parted with my dear brother E. and then returned homewards. Our ride was pleasant indeed. Long will it be undoubtedly before we shall experience such another. It was called the New Year's ride."

Can you not hear them referring for years after to this "inconsiderate" trip, a total of 56 miles, as *the* New Year's ride?

I should like to give you just one more example of seemingly unimportant manuscripts which might very easily have been thrown away. This particular collection remained for years in a barn up North Hollow way from your own Vermont village of Rochester. My great-aunt Elizabeth Taylor, Ohio-born and Minnesota-bred, finally settled in central Vermont. There she hoped to complete a long planned book about the bleak, lonely Faroe Island where she had spent twelve fascinating years. She also wanted the peaceful beauty and quiet of your Vermont hills to sort out her many papers and to think back on her frequent travels through Iceland, Norway, and up the long reaches of the Mackenzie River to the Hudson's Bay forts, in the days when women were not supposed to be so independent. She died in 1932 without bringing to fruition any of her plans; and if it had not been for her friend, Stanley Hubbard, and Florence, his wife, all those boxes containing a life's work might have been lost. Fortunately, the Hubbards loved Miss Taylor and they valued her work. They saved those yellowed and stained sheets of paper; they carefully guarded her letters about the 1927 flood, and this appealing little poem:

*There's a cloud wreath on Killington's summit,
There's a rose colored flush on the hills,
There's a touch in the breath of the morning*

*That stirs and awakens and thrills,
There's a laugh from the brook in the pasture,
There's a shout from the heart of the spring,
And the bird in your soul wakes to answer
When you hear the first sugar bird sing.*

I could go on and on with numerous other examples of what many might think of as unimportant manuscripts. We will never know the number of such useful collections which have been carelessly burned just because someone has complained, "We don't want all that stuff cluttering up our house!"

Newspapers, perhaps the most ephemeral of all printed matter, can sometimes be the only source of information available. As far back as 1847 the Syracuse *Onondaga Democrat* stated "that a well conducted newspaper furnishes the only History of a man's own generation that can be obtained. Such as have preserved a file of the *Democrat* since we commenced, have a better History of the present War with Mexico thus far than they will ever be able to obtain from any publication of subsequent date."

These old newspapers are of great value to anyone interested in the story of our past and should also be carefully saved. I am certain that at some time you have glanced through a few of them and perhaps have been amazed at, and amused by, the differences, according to present-day standards, in both reporting and advertising. Their usefulness to the historian for information on the local, the national, and the international scenes is an accepted fact. But I personally find the advertisements most fascinating. Let me get sidetracked just for a moment to give you a sample.

My favorite of all the early rimed "ads," a classic of the Otsego County region, you will find partially quoted in most of the books about Cooperstown, including Carl Carmer's latest volume of York State yarns, *Dark Trees to the Wind*. The patients of one Dr. Nathaniel Gott would not pay their medical bills soon enough to satisfy him. Easygoing about the matter at the beginning, he regularly inserted "ads" in the *Otsego Herald* from 1795 on. The first of these requested, quite politely, that the bills be paid. A month later he more firmly stated that a compliance with his request would "prevent trouble." A half-year after that he *demand*ed that the notes be paid "without delay, as his circumstances will not admit of a longer forbearance." This last note ran more or less regularly in the paper for an entire

year. In December of 1802, Dr. Gott finally exploded into rime with this gem, captioned "Precario. Rhymorum Rhymissimus:"

<i>"Says Doctor Gott</i>	<i>"I'll tell you what,"</i>
<i>I'm call'd on hot,</i>	<i>To pay my shot,</i>
<i>And may I rot</i>	<i>If I do not:</i>
<i>But I cannot,</i>	<i>Unless 'tis got,</i>
<i>For jog and trot</i>	<i>From spot to spot,</i>
<i>So every jot</i>	<i>That's due to Gott,</i>
<i>For Pill or Bot-</i>	<i>Tle, Salve or Cot,</i>
<i>All round the Ot-</i>	<i>Segonian Plot;</i>
<i>Whether begot</i>	<i>of Teague or Scot,</i>
<i>Or from the Mot-</i>	<i>Ley race of Lot,</i>
<i>Sober or Sot,</i>	<i>Yankey or not,</i>
<i>Must soon be shot,</i>	<i>Into my pot;</i>
<i>Or else, I wot,</i>	<i>They'll smell it, hot,</i>
<i>Or they may blot</i>	<i>NATHANIEL GOTT"</i>

I hope that with these few examples I have conveyed some idea of the value of manuscripts. I will certainly feel richly rewarded if only a half dozen of you follow this one final appeal: think twice before burning and destroying *any* documents or letters. First ask the advice of someone who knows—your local historian, your public librarian or any other who will, through his experience, be able to tell you whether or not they are worth saving, and to whom they might be given. In so doing you will be guarding an important part of our American heritage; you will earn the gratitude of all concerned; you will gain room space in your already overcrowded houses, and perhaps you will even be able to claim an income tax deduction.

My mother has a favorite saying which can very easily be applied to speakers who start by saying, "In conclusion"—and then talk on for at least fifteen more minutes. To them she would say, "If you're going to go, go; if you're going to stay, stay; don't just ooze out."

[MR. DUNN'S PAPER WAS READ AT THE SECOND SUMMER SESSION
OF THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MONTPELIER, JULY, 1951]



Vermonters Cross Lake Champlain

By WATSON B. BERRY

With this paper Mr. Berry opens a new vista in Vermont and northern New York history. The paper was read at the conference of the Champlain Historians at Basin Harbor, Vt., on August 16th. The full program appears on a later page. Editor.

WHEN Dr. Peach surprised and flattered me by inviting me to speak here about the emigration of Vermonters to Northern New York in the early years of the 19th century, I presume that he did so because of my articles about the North Country, as north-eastern New York has come to be known, published every Saturday in the *Watertown* (N. Y.) *Daily Times* for the last three years. That series has passed its 160th installment, and the end is not in sight. It grew out of a request by the late Harold B. Johnson, publisher of the *Times*, for a few pieces about my memory of the manners and customs and the way of life in the North Country in my boyhood—the 70's and 80's. Once the curtain that had long ago been rung down on that northern scene was raised, the North Country was seen anew, but from a different angle and with a more mature judgment of historical values.

Driving again, after the passage of half a century, to a sightly hilltop called Overlook, the curtain that had been rung down at boyhood's end was raised, and I again saw the peaceful St. Regis valley, gently sloping twenty-five miles to the north to the "Big River," as we always spoke of the noble St. Lawrence. At my back were the "South Woods," which was our name for the Adirondacks. There are several definitions of the term "North Country," but it is generally understood to be the region bounded on the north by the St. Lawrence and by the boundary between Canada and New York, beginning where the St. Lawrence turns northeasterly and is wholly in Canada, and on the south by the Adirondacks. There is an important segment of the region which I have named "The In-Between Land" and which I have often referred to as "New Vermont."

Standing at the top of Overlook, I was on the old military road from Plattsburgh to Ogdensburg. That road had not come into being

when the first settlers from Vermont came into eastern St. Lawrence County and founded the town of Hopkinton. It was my original plan regarding what I might have to say here to try to cover the whole North Country and to include a list of all the settlers there who came from Vermont. But as a result of broadcasting appeals in the *Watertown Daily Times* and in an address to the Town Historians of St. Lawrence County recently for more names of such Vermonters, the dates of their departures from Vermont and where they settled in the North Country, I have been flooded by replies. The list is very large and grows daily. So its publication must wait a while. I have, therefore, decided to confine myself largely to that very core of the North Country, the towns included in the region I have named "The In-Between Land." Most notable of those towns is Hopkinton. There is more authentic material available as to that town than as to any other town of the group, though their origins were alike.

I

And what could be more appropriate to this occasion than the story of Roswell Hopkins of Vergennes? He was a man of substance. He had bought from Abijah Hammond, of New York City, 6,780 acres, the north part of the unorganized township of Islington, N. Y., which was later to bear his name. His tombstone in the Hopkinton cemetery, erected about 120 years ago, bears this inscription:

Mr. Hopkins was Secretary of the State of Vermont ten years. He also held other important offices in the State. Founded Hopkinton in 1801. Represented St. Lawrence County in the Legislature of New York four years. Was for many years a Judge of the County Courts and the first President of the St. Lawrence County Bible Society.

Carlton E. Sanford's *Early History of Hopkinton*, published forty-eight years ago, is one of the most reliable and complete town histories. Mr. Sanford, himself a native of Hopkinton and a descendant of Vermont pioneers of great distinction, devoted years to collecting the material for his book, at the same time performing his widely recognized valuable services as President of The People's Bank of Potsdam. His *Early History of Hopkinton* tells in great detail the story of the founding of the town and its later history.

Roswell Hopkins was accompanied on his second journey to Hopkinton in 1802 by Samuel Goodell, Joel Goodell; B. W. Hopkins, his son; Jared Dewey, his brother-in-law, and Eliphalet Brush. Mr.

Sanford gives his reasons for believing that Mr. Hopkins had made a preliminary visit to the Hopkinton region in the previous year for the purpose of satisfying himself as to the value of the land and its possibilities for settlement. He concluded the land purchase in 1801 after making that preliminary survey. The two Goodell boys were not Vermonters, but were sons of Ezekiel Goodell, a thrifty farmer of Hartford, N. Y. The boys, as was the custom then, were looking for some good forest land to take up for homes. Their father accompanied them on horseback. The boys were on foot, each with an axe. They crossed Lake Champlain and stopped at Benison's Tavern, near Vergennes. Benison's Tavern must have been of some importance (a forerunner of the Basin Harbor Club), for that important Vergennes citizen, Roswell Hopkins, visited it that evening and met the Goodells and learned their business. Mr. Sanford tells the story as he had it personally from the descendants of the Goodells and Hopkins. When he learned that the Goodell boys were looking for land to "take up" and "that they had cash with them," he became greatly interested. As his descendants related the story to Mr. Sanford, Hopkins labored all that evening at the tavern with the Goodells trying to induce them to buy land of him in Islington. But he could not close a deal with them. They had their minds fixed on land near Plattsburgh, and they set out the next morning up and across the Lake to Plattsburgh.

Mr. Hopkins liked the looks of the Goodell boys and was determined to spare no effort to bring them to his new town in the wilderness of the Adirondack foothills. He was a man of action. He went to his home and got his brother-in-law, Jared Dewey, and Eliphalet Brush and his son, B. W. They pushed on to overtake the Goodells at Plattsburgh, where their best salesmanship was brought to bear on the young prospects. Finally, Mr. Hopkins clinched the deal by giving his assurance that he would build a sawmill and a gristmill the following year if they bought from him. The Goodells weakened and agreed to come on and inspect the land, and thus Joel and Samuel Goodell became Roswell Hopkins's first colonists in the New Vermont. That was a long hard journey from Plattsburgh—seventy or eighty miles through the trackless virgin forest, with only a blazed trail to guide them to the town to be called Hopkinton.

II

In the course of my researches this Vergennes crops up constantly. It seems to have been the most used point of departure for Northern

New York. If there are extant any records of the extensive business done by Benison's Tavern in accommodating the young men of Vermont who were embarking on their journeys through the forests to western Franklin and eastern St. Lawrence counties, and beyond in many instances into Lewis and Jefferson and Oswego counties, and also of the return visits later to the Vermont homeland, they would be amusing and thrilling, too. Indeed they might easily form the basis of another sort of *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. "There is a good story everywhere every day," Chester S. Lord, managing editor of *The New York Sun* for thirty-five years, told his fledgling reporters, adding, however: ". . . if, and it's a big if, you can see it and tell it." For those who may be inclined to pursue the subject I would suggest getting a copy of Carlton E. Sanford's book. It was printed by the Bartlett Press, Boston, in 1903, at Mr. Sanford's expense. I understand that many copies remained unsold, as Mr. Sanford was not himself a publisher and had no selling organization. He was keenly disappointed by the lack of interest shown by the Hopkintonians of his day and other descendants of the pioneers brought there by Roswell Hopkins of Vergennes.

We hear much in these times of "free enterprise," and it may not be out of place here to interpolate the words of Sanford, the banker-historian, as he referred to the remarkable enterprise of Roswell Hopkins, who undertook to pay Abijah Hammond \$1.50 an acre for those 6,780 acres, the total purchase price being \$10,170. "Out of this wilderness," wrote Sanford, "he proposed, or at least hoped, to make a large settlement and a thriving, prosperous and happy community, and at the same time a goodly sum for his efforts. The latter was then, and now is, the concomitant of pretty nearly every business venture of man. The hope of success spurs men on to engage in enterprises which they would not otherwise entertain. Though the project may be of a philanthropic character, yet in nearly all cases the idea or prospect of gain is behind it. Someone is seeking to do good and at the same time profit by it, and it does not necessarily detract from the worthiness of the scheme, as I can see."

Roswell Hopkins was a man of considerable means for those times, a century and a half ago. He stood high as a citizen of Vermont. His correspondence with Abijah Hammond shows that he put everything he had into his brave and great venture in the wilderness north of the "South Woods," as the region lying north of the Adirondacks was then and for a century thereafter familiarly known, and south of the "Big River." He and his pioneers who followed him struck right

into the virgin forest, many miles beyond any human habitation. Existing records show that the enterprise was financed right here at Vergennes and that he spent most of his time in Vermont for the first three years, for all the deeds to settlers during those early years were dated at Vergennes and executed there. Considerable financing was necessary to buy staple goods, tools and implements for his settlers, and for equipment of his saw and gristmills. All these purchases were made at Vergennes and Plattsburgh.

III

While the town of Hopkinton was probably founded in 1801, as stated on the Hopkins tombstone, it was not actually settled until March, 1803. The little group that came that year came to stay, and did stay. Among them were Abraham Sheldon, who died from the kick of a horse seven years later when on a visit to his native Pawlet. His widow, Mrs. Joseph Brush, died in 1862. Roswell Hopkins, the founder, was thrown from his buggy at Chazy, New York, and died September 5, 1829. His wife of 1803 died in 1816. Ashbel Squires died in 1855 and his wife in 1842. The two Goodell boys, considered good prospects by Mr. Hopkins when he accidentally met them at Benison's Tavern, bought their lands, where in later years they and their descendants in my time were among the first citizens of the town, went to work vigorously clearing their lands. Joel went back to Hartford to help his father in haying, while his brother Samuel, being the only blacksmith in town, remained behind to help build the promised saw and gristmills. Eliphalet Brush, a member of the party that chased after the Goodells and overtook them at Plattsburgh, began work for Mr. Hopkins in March, 1803 and worked eight months. His account entries are dated at Vergennes. Isaac Sheldon began work at Hopkinton in 1803, as did also Asahel Wright and Aaron Warner. Others were Jared Dewey, Gaius Sheldon and Amasa Blanchard. These men were the people who were in Hopkinton in 1803, but the historian Sanford is of the opinion that there were others, including the necessary millwrights at work on the saw and gristmills, which began to be built that year; and probably other temporary artisans, also, from the neighborhood of Vergennes were at work on the raceways and dams and upon the roads and bridges. The first female child born in the town was Alta Sheldon, born September 21, 1804. There is some doubt as to the year the gristmill came into being, but the painstaking Sanford, who never indulged in guesswork, finally unearthed a partnership agreement between

Mr. Hopkins and his son, B. W., "which," Sanford wrote, "shows conclusively the existence of a grist-mill and also a saw-mill as early as 1806."

The last time I saw and talked with Mr. Sanford, in his bank at Potsdam, forty years ago, he talked about the Roswell Hopkins enterprise with its headquarters in the early years at Vergennes. He greatly admired that pioneer in "free enterprise" and summed up his activities by saying: "Roswell Hopkins and his associates wore creases in Lake Champlain going back and forth between Vergennes and Plattsburgh." A century and a half later it is interesting to cite some instances, well authenticated in diaries and accounts kept then, of the hardships endured by those Vermonters who created Hopkinton, one of the loveliest towns in all the North Country. The latest contribution of this sort came to me in the mail after I began typing what I am reading to you. I had heard of "Grandma Day's Diary," and now the mail has brought to me some extracts from it, sent to me by one of her descendants, Mrs. John L. Blood, of Nicholville, the village two miles east of Hopkinton.

"Grandma Day's Diary" was written by Cornelia McEwen Day to preserve for her descendants the story of her grandmother's pilgrimage to Hopkinton. Here is an extract: "My Grandfather, George McEwen, came to Hinesburgh, Vermont, in 1785 from Milford, Connecticut. He was married the same year to Mercy Wright, of Shaftesbury, Vermont, and their wedding trip from Shaftesbury to Hinesburgh was over a road which was scarcely more than a bridle path, followed chiefly by marked or blazed trees. The streams had no bridges. On reaching Otter Creek they found the stream so swollen by recent rains that the prospect of going farther looked almost an impossibility. But Grandmother was a woman of remarkable courage. She directed Grandfather and the Frenchman, who came with them in their employ, to strap her new feather bed, which her father had given to her, to the pony, and, taking her crockery in a basket, in her lap, she and the pony swam the stream to safety. The yoke of oxen and one cow, with the rest of their 'setting out', got across as best they could. On reaching their little log shanty their first meal was eaten on an inverted wash-tub. There were at this time only six families in the township. . . . The first winter was a hard one. They had no stable for the cow and sometimes in the winter Grandfather said he thought the cow would die with so little to eat and no shelter, but Grandmother said they could not afford to lose her and she told Grandfather they would take her into

the cabin nights. The house consisted of one room, in which they all slept, ate and did all the work. She had in one corner what we used to call a chest of drawers. The top drawer was a chest. Every night they led the cow in and tied her in the corner behind the chest, and in the morning they led her out and Grandmother cleaned the corner for the day, and in this way they wintered the cow."

A new sort of history is being written. They call it social history. It makes history interesting because it tells how people lived. Its sources are found largely in old diaries, letters and account-books. Professor Allan Nevins, of the History Department of Columbia University, who is a neighbor of mine, urges those who write histories to make history interesting. At long last in my native county of St. Lawrence, in the North Country, they now have an official County Historian, and there is a Town Historian in every one of the towns of that largest county in New York State. In addressing a meeting of the Town Historians recently I said that I did not conceive it to be any part of their duties to write history, but rather to collect all the basic material they could lay their hands on and see that it is permanently lodged in a safe place, supervised by a competent librarian, and kept safely, as in a room set apart for the purpose in the County Court House, or, in the case of St. Lawrence County, in the library of St. Lawrence University, whose President during its early years was Dr. John Lee, a native of Vermont. These local historians have given a great impetus to the work of saving and classifying records that were on their way to oblivion.

IV

One of the early account-books of Roswell Hopkins is in existence. The first page is headed: "Vergennes, March 5th, 1803, and the first entry is:

Eliphalet Brush begun to work for me this day.

April, sick nine days with measles.

June, sick one day.

November 13, balanced books, made up eight months at \$12.

This old account-book extends into the year 1807. It tells us a lot. It contains itemized accounts with sixty-two men, heads of families, all Vermonters, who were then settled in the new town of Hopkinton. While it is impossible at this time to list all the Vermonters who came into the North Country in the very early part of the 19th century, perhaps it will not try your patience too much if I give you the

names of the first sixty-two pioneers who settled in Hopkinton, with the years of their coming. They were:

Eliphalet Brush, 1803	William Staples, 1805
Isaac Sheldon, 1803	Jasper Armstrong, 1805
Jared Dewey, 1803	Phineas Durfey, March, 1805
Amasa Blanchard, Sept., 1803	Elisha Risdon, Apr. 1, 1805
Abraham Sheldon, 1803	Eli Tomlinson, Aug. 20, 1805
Gaius Sheldon, Oct. 22, 1803	Simeon Bushnell, Aug. 22, 1805
Ashbel Squire, Dec. 23, 1805	Richard Bisby, Sept. 6, 1805
Eben Hurlbut, 1803	Joseph Durfey, Sept. 6, 1805
Samuel Goodell, March 10, 1804	Luther Bingham, Apr. 10, 1806
Joel Goodell, Mar. 10, 1804	M. Hamilton, Apr. 28, 1806
Eli Squire, Apr. 1804	Benjamin Harwood, Dec. 25, 1806
Eliphalet Hancock, Mar. 17, 1804	Dr. Stephen Langworthy, June, 1807
Aaron Warner, March, 1804	John Holt, June, 1807
Isaac Kelsey, 1804	Horace Train, July, 1807
Eliakim Seeley, March, 1804	Nathaniel Rudd, July 4, 1807
Samuel Eastman, Mar. 27, 1804	James Pierce, July 6, 1807
Thomas Remington, Apr., 1804	James Harwood, July, 1807
Henry McLaughlin, May 8, 1804	Eli Roburds, July 21, 1807
Robert Train, June 4, 1804	David French, Mar. 29, 1804
Jonathan Pierce, July 6, 1807	Job Greene, Aug., 1807
William Brush, June 16, 1804	Abijah Chandler, Aug., 1807
Asahel Wright, June, 1804	Ros. D. Hopkins, Aug., 1807
Reuben Post, June 28, 1804	Eldad K. Curtis, Aug., 1807
Benjamin Raymond, 1804	Sam'l Buckingham, Aug., 1807
Benj. DeLong, July 6, 1804	Harry Train, 1804
Ezra Church, July 7, 1804	John Thomas, Nov., 1808
Oliver Sheldon, July 23, 1804	Sam'l Harris, Nov., 1808
Seth Abbott, Sept. 26, 1804	Eliphalet Brush, Nov., 1808
Sylvester Jargway, Oct. 2, 1804	Ephraim Buckingham, Nov., 1808
Caleb Wright, Oct. 15, 1804	Joseph Brush, Nov., 1808
Amasa Blanchard, jr. Jan. 7, 1805	James Sanders, Nov., 1808

The 1805 account of Elisha Risdon shows these credits:

2 days work on saw mill	\$1.67
1 day surveying.	4.00
cutting 20 bass logs	1.00
100 lbs. venison.	2.18
7 deer skins	2.00
80 bushels of ashes	4.80
5¼ days work at mill	2.75

Gaius Sheldon's account shows a credit of \$55 for a yoke of oxen and these debits:

250 4-penny nails	\$7.07
96 bushels of ashes	6.96
1 qt. rum44
16 ft. of boards for cradle08

Joel Goodell's account, one of the boys to whom Hopkins made his first land sale, shows a charge of 25 cents "to visit and bleed his wife," and on the same day a charge of \$1 for 2 quarts of rum.

Eli Squire's account for April, 1804 shows these charges:

To pasturing horse for your father	\$.34
To Tobacco, bottom of roll63
12 needles12

Phineas Durfey's account shows a credit "By chopping 7 acres for Ros. D. Hopkins"—\$21.31.

Caleb Wright's account shows that he worked for Mr. Hopkins seven months for \$110.

Other typical charges in those first years in Hopkinton were:

Part of wolf town bounty	\$1.00
Almanac.12 1/2
7 yds. cotton	1.75
25 8-penny nails	2.00
37 lbs. pork	2.22
200 acres of land	500.00
Calico for Agnes Remington	3.20
Toll of 4 bushels of wheat60
Land to sow flax on	3.75
1 lb. Hyson and Kin tea	1.50
1 pair boot legs	1.00
Acknowledging deed62 1/2
1/2 lb. snuff25
1 cow	15.00
1 pr. boots	3.50
Sawing three sled runners50

Those sixty-two pioneers were the very first men brought in from Vermont through the efforts of the aggressive and persuasive Roswell Hopkins of Vergennes. Of their life in the early days of the remote settlement Historian Sanford wrote: "They cooked in pots, pans and kettles held by hand or hung by a crook or crane over an open fire. The garments they wore were made from flax, tow and wool raised and grown by themselves, dressed, heckled, carded, spun and woven into cloth in the hand-loom in the house by the mothers and daughters. The cook-stove did not come into town till some thirty years after our grandparents." Sanford tells us that in Hopkinton they used quills for pens, and that steel pens were not seen there until 1820, when they cost \$36 a gross. They displaced the quills slowly. I may add from my own memory that my father in the 70's kept a box of quills in his desk and invariably used them when signing deeds

and other records. He had learned to cut quills when attending the Quaker Settlement school in the town of Brasher. His quill-cutting days were in the 40's.

In 1804, the residents of the region felt the need of a legal organization and accordingly a notice was given to every qualified voter that a meeting would be held Jan. 27, 1805, for the purpose of taking the necessary steps to erect a town government. The meeting was held on the appointed day of the inhabitants of the unorganized towns of "Islington, Catherineville, and Chesterfield in the Second Great Tract in Maccomb's Purchase." It was unanimously resolved that "a petition be preferred to the Honorable the Legislature of the State of New York praying that the towns . . . may be incorporated into a town and the inhabitants to have equal town privileges with the inhabitants of other towns in the State, and that the remainder of the said Second Tract be annexed to the town for the time being."

Roswell Hopkins, as the unquestioned first citizen, was unanimously chosen agent of the towns, and he was requested "to recommend to the Honorable Council of Appointments Henry McLaughlin and Amasa Blanchard as suitable persons for the office of Justice of the Peace." It was a long and tiresome trip to Albany, which was made via Plattsburgh and Vergennes and thence down the State of Vermont to Albany, a circuitous route, but it was through a region intimately known to Roswell Hopkins, who, it may perhaps be reasonably assumed, took advantage of the occasion to spread the news of the new dignity about to be given to the town he founded and incidentally lay the foundations for more land sales in Hopkinton. That he acted with promptness and efficiency is shown by the passage on March 2 of the Act forming the town of Hopkinton. For some unexplained reason Messrs. Blanchard and McLaughlin were not appointed Justices of the Peace, but instead the Council of Appointments named Roswell Hopkins the first and sole Justice of the Peace of the town, his commission being signed by Governor George Clinton. The right of the people of the towns to name their justices was not given to them until 1832.

V

I have confined myself pretty much to Hopkinton because it is to my mind the best sampling of the emigration of Vermonters across Lake Champlain to the North Country. If I have strayed away from the story of their crossing the Lake, I hope that I may be pardoned. I have felt it necessary to tell something of what happened after

Roswell Hopkins's pioneers reached the promised land. But there were other Vermonters who crossed the Lake to other destinations. The lists of them I now have run into many hundreds and are growing daily, so that when I have done with my researches I am positive that the roll of Vermonters who crossed the Lake into the North Country and made it into a New Vermont will be much larger than I ever imagined it could become. There were other emigrants from Vermont about whom little has been written. They were the Loyalists, who during the Revolution and in the years immediately following desired to remain British subjects. The whole subject of the New England Loyalists has been shied away from. Kenneth Roberts gave us his story of Oliver Wiswell, which shocked an estimable lady of my acquaintance, a librarian, who opined that it was "rather inept." Now it happens that my maternal great-grandfather, James Keeler, of Stamford, a descendant of the Ralph Keeler who settled at Hartford, Conn., in the 1630's, was a Loyalist. He started for Canada at the close of the Revolution with his wife, Anna Fulton, and paused on his way to spend a winter at Otter Creek. I assume that there were others of his way of thinking there, because forty years ago I unearthed in the Canadian Archives at Ottawa several documents relating to his claim for land allotments and other compensation for losses sustained by reason of his loyalty to George III. Among them was an affidavit in his own handwriting (which, by the way, was more legible than that of his present-day descendants). It was sworn to before a Justice of the Peace named Phelps at Otter Creek. I assume that Squire Phelps was in sympathy with James Keeler. In that affidavit he stated that he owned a farm at Lenox, Mass., and that when he visited his property there he "found the temper of the inhabitants so violent, due to the late unhappy dissensions in North America, that would have been hazardous to my life to have tarried for a single day." I found also in the Archives at Ottawa a copy of a judgment of a court held at Stockbridge, Mass., confiscating his property at Lenox and at Stamford, which included a statement of his assets and liabilities. Among the former was a debt for borrowed money due to him from Solomon Yale of Stamford. Among the documents in the Archives I found a letter addressed to the Commissioners, asking them to pass on Loyalist claims, from Justus Sherwood, of Brockville, Ontario, stating that he knew Mr. Keeler and "I would not be afraid of his conduct if the cauntry were invaded." Justus Sherwood was the Vermonter who is mentioned by Earle W. Newton in his delightful book, *The Vermont Story*. Mr. Newton mentions

another Vermonter, one Phelps, who may have been the Squire Phelps who took my ancestor's affidavit at Otter Creek. Forty years ago, Sir Percy Sherwood was at the head of the Canadian secret service. He was a descendant of the Vermonter Justus Sherwood mentioned in Mr. Newton's book. Here is a comparatively untouched phase of history that should be explored. Kenneth Roberts and Bruce Lancaster seem to me peculiarly well qualified to undertake the task of giving us a historical novel about the group of Loyalists who gathered in the neighborhood of Otter Creek. Vermonters in the past were of many minds. They were natural non-conformists and still are. Here is an assignment for the historical researcher.

When the Northern Railroad, from Ogdensburg to Lake Champlain, was opened in 1851, it put the stage coaches that plied between Ogdensburg and Plattsburg out of business. Roswell Hopkins's lovely village had been an important port of call for those coaches. When the picturesque four-horse coaches were no more, Hopkintonians were obliged to drive ten miles to entrain for New England, and Hopkinton gradually lost its liveliness and partook somewhat of the character of Goldsmith's Sweet Auburn.

But the character of the North Country had already been fixed by the Vermonters who had conquered it fifty years before the railroad came and by the steady flow of other Vermonters in the succeeding years who attained success in the hard way. I have estimated probably not less than 90 per cent of the original settlers in the North Country were from Vermont. We owe your state a great debt. And (may I add?) so does the Province of Ontario, for the United Empire Loyalists, as they called themselves, made Upper Canada. They were of New England origin, and many of them were Vermonters. They, too, crossed Lake Champlain. They took with them into Canada all the New England traditions and way of life.





Pages From the Past

General Lafayette's visit to Vermont began at Windsor and ended at Burlington. Second-hand impressions of that journey appear in various publications. We have turned back to contemporary accounts. These are taken from the Northern Sentinel published in Burlington in 1825, the year of Lafayette's visit. The extracts printed in the Sentinel of July 15, 1825, are taken verbatim from the newspapers indicated. Editor.

1. From the Montpelier Watchman, July 5

GENERAL LA FAYETTE

The General and his suit, accompanied by His Excellency Gov. Van Ness and his aids, were met by the committee of arrangements, together with the chief marshal Col. Wiggins, at Barre, on Tuesday evening of the last week, at 8 o'clock, and escorted to this village, where they arrived at nine.—Although the General was expected to reach Montpelier at five O'clock, P.M. and multitudes of people, giving over the expectation of his arrival that night, had left the place, he was received at his entrance into the village by two finely uniformed companies—the Washington Artillery and the Light Infantry—and conducted through long lines of citizens from Mr. Shepard's Inn to the Academy—then back to States street, and down State street to the Statehouse. Here the committee of arrangements—the General and suite and the Governor and suite, alighted from their carriages, and were conducted to the balcony in the second story. The common in front of the Statehouse was well lighted—the balconies finely illuminated, and the military paraded with the revolutionary soldiers in front, and the citizens in the rear. After taking some refreshments, the General was accosted by Judge Paine, President of the committee, in the following

ADDRESS.

Gen. Lafayette,

The citizens of Montpelier and the vicinity, have assembled to bid you welcome to this recently erected village, and it gives me great pleasure that I am made their organ on this joyful occasion.

We can say but little that you have not heard from millions of others. We acknowledge with deep gratitude your toils and your

sacrifices in the time of our greatest need. Your contemporaries admired the gallantry of your earlier days in the cause of freedom and of a people contending for the right of self-government—And all the friends of liberty have revered your character in more advanced life for your uniform adherence to the principles of rational liberty.

We congratulate you on having nearly completed the tour of the United States in health, and hope you have received great pleasure and satisfaction in witnessing the fruits of your early toils and sacrifices, in the improvement and prosperity of a widely extended Republic. We believe you have seen a great Nation enjoying the blessings of liberty without licentiousness.

When you left this country after the war of the revolution, the state of Vermont had but just begun to have a name. At that time almost the whole State was a wilderness, yet we are proud of some of the feats performed in that war by the arms of Vermont. We count upon ourselves as principals in the capture of a whole British army under Burgoyne, the consequences of which are too well known by you to need a rehearsal.

The State of Vermont cannot show to you large towns and cities; but it can show you what is perhaps of as much consequence: It can show to you a sober, substantial, intelligent and well informed yeomanry.

We most fervently join in the prayer of a whole Nation, that you may return in health and safety across the Ocean to the bosom of your family, and that the blessing of God may attend you through the remainder of your life.

To which the General was pleased to make the following very excellent reply.

The welcome I receive from the citizens of Montpelier, the great number of friends who at this late hour have been pleased to wait my arrival, and the particular gratification to hear their affectionate feelings expressed by you, my dear sir, fill my heart with the most lively sentiments of pleasure and gratitude.

Well may I, sir, acknowledge the patriotic titles of this State, not only as having been the theatre of a most important event, the victory of Bennington, and having largely contributed to this happy turn of affairs in the north,—but also, as having by her devotion to the general cause, and by the gallantry of her hardy sons, constantly taken a great proportionate share in our revolutionary struggle; nor shall I omit this opportunity to express my early interest in the local feelings, and wishes of the State of Vermont.

"Sir, I have now accomplished one of the greatest objects in my life; I have visited the twenty-four states of the Union; I have been the happy witness of the immense, rapid, and ever increasing results of Independence, Republican Institutions, and self government; with you, sir, and all of you whom I have the pleasure to address, I most cordially congratulate on the public and domestic happiness which is enjoyed by the citizens of Vermont, and I beg you to accept my affectionate and respectable thanks."

The General was then conducted to the Representatives Hall, where a respectable number of the ladies of the village and vicinity, were assembled to receive him. His introduction to the ladies was followed by an interview with the revolutionary soldiers. After this interview he reviewed the military, from the lower balcony, and was then escorted by the band of music through the lines of the soldiery to Mr. Mann's Hotel, where a tasteful and highly acceptable repast had been provided.

As soon as the repast was ended, the following toasts were proposed and drank.

1. *The United States.*
2. *The President of the United States.*
3. *The memory of Washington.*

TOAST BY THE PRESIDENT

4. *Our distinguished Guest.*—May his future life be as happy, as his deeds have been useful and glorious.

To this toast the General replied by expressing his acknowledgments, &c. and proposed the following sentiment.

Vermont, Montpelier, and the Green Mountains, from which was early echoed and valiantly supported the Republican cry for Independence and Freedom—May its happy results be more and more enjoyed by the sons of the Green Mountains.

5. *The Continental Congress.*—Posterity will concur with the present generation in assigning them the fairest page in the history of nations.

6. *The departed heroes of the revolution.*—"We could not forget them if we would—we would not forget them if we could."

7. *The surviving heroes of the revolution.*—We will wear them in our hearts' core while they live—and give them a good report when they die.

8. *Count Pulaski.*—He was one of the instructors of the world, and died in teaching men how to be free.

9. *Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe.*—Venerable names—time only increases the love and gratitude of the American people.

10. *France.*—Thanks to her for the assistance she rendered us in time of our greatest peril, and thanks to her brave men that fought and bled for us.

11. *The Greek Revolution.*—Planted by noble minds, prosecuted with Spartan valour—May its termination give protection to the innocent, and liberty to the oppressed.

12. *The Holy Alliance.*—We hail it as one that keeps watch, welcomes the deep darkness that foretells a speedier and a brighter morning. The allied powers are casting up a highway for despotism; but on it the millions of Europe shall yet march onward to light and liberty and glory.

13. *South-America.*—She has crushed the towering despotism that held her in bondage—and planted the standard of liberty upon its ruins.

14. *The spirit of '76*—Kings are dismayed to see it fast pervading their dominion and threatening their thrones.

15. *The State of Vermont.*—The hand of Providence has thrown over her a rich and varied scenery—and she will defend it from pollution with the last drop of her blood.

16. *Science and Literature.*—They are to liberty, what the cheering rays of the sun are to vegetation.

Several volunteer toasts were also given which we have not room to insert, among which are the following.

By D. Smith, Esq., Vice President

The Governor of the State of Vermont—Unshaken in principle, inflexible in integrity and indefatigable in his exertions to promote the best interests of the State.

By N. Baylies, Esq. V. President

The nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa.—In spite of tyrants, may the people have knowledge, and energy sufficient to establish for themselves republican governments.

In the morning the ladies and the revolutionary soldiers assembled at the Meetinghouse between eight and nine o'clock. The General and His Excellency the Governor in their Barouche, were then escorted by the Washington Artillery up State street to the corner, and thence to the Academy, and back to the Meetinghouse, they alighted, and were introduced to the ladies; in behalf of whom the General was welcomed by Mrs. Watrous in the following appropriate

General Lafayette,

Permit me sir in behalf of the Ladies present, to express to you, how highly we are gratified with this visit to our Metropolis.

To us; born free as the mountain air we breathe; the man whose bosom warmed with the sacred glow of patriotism, when beholding an infant nation struggling for liberty; who sacrificed the sweet endearments of domestic felicity, the splendour of rank, and staked fortune and life, to secure to us and ours the blessings we now enjoy; to us, he is welcome. We greet you with a cordial welcome to our country, our homes and our hearts.

Great must be your satisfaction, in your progress through the states, to behold in many places the wilderness to have, "budded and blossomed as the rose," the arts of civilized life to have advanced in the scale of perfection to a competition with Europe, while far and wide are diffused the blessings of peace and plenty, and on every side the children of those were companions in arms, vying with each other in expressions of gratitude to our country's benefactor.

Accept Dear General, our united aspiration for your health and long life. With you, may the evening of life be peculiarly pleasant—like the setting sun after a glorious day sinking gradually, and throwing back increasing beauty and splendour with every expiring beam. May kind hands, and affectionate hearts, soothe and administer to every want, and smoothe the pillow of declining age; when at length the "vital spark" shall quit its earthly tenement, may the angel of Death open to you the portals of eternal bliss in Heaven.

With us, and with every freeborn child of America, the name—the bravery—the virtues—the disinterested generosity of Lafayette, will ever be perpetuated with that of our beloved Washington.

The General replied in substance as follows.

Mrs. Watrous,

I regret very much, that the late hour of my arrival last evening, prevented my having a more particular interview with the Ladies. I am happy to see them this morning. I beg you to express to them, my thanks for the cordial reception they have given me in this metropolis, which I am very happy to visit.

I am very sensible of the repast, and attention, which has been shown me in every part of the country I have visited. Mrs. Watrous, I am not able to express my feelings on this occasion, I beg you to accept, and assure the Ladies, of my good wishes; I wish them happy.

To you Madam, particularly, I express my thanks for the very

kind and affectionate manner in which you have addressed me—The recollection of it will ever be pleasant to me. I have not time to say more.

After another interview with the revolutionary soldiers, the General left them in tears, and passing up the street to Onion river bridge, and back to the corner, and thence down State-Street, left the place amidst the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies, and repeated and affectionate adieus by the men.

The citizens are worthy of the warmest commendation for their respectful and orderly conduct on the occasion, and for the readiness and adroitness with which they paraded themselves, according to the directions of the marshals. Between the time when information was received of the General's approach and the time of his arrival, a period of 15 or 20 minutes, the whole village was illuminated, and everything in readiness for his reception. The illumination of Mr. Shepard's house, fronting the road on which he entered the village, was particularly brilliant, and the light of it, breaking quite unexpectedly upon the party as they came to the summit of the hill, produced a grateful and most exhilarating effect.

The appearance of the soldiery also was improved in a high degree by the addition of a company of boys in uniform, who performed the salute and the evolution with the greatest precision, and in such a manner as to afford the General much gratification. He requested the marshal to express to them his satisfaction, and tender them his acknowledgements for their attendance and handsome conduct on the occasion.

The entertainment given at Mr. Mann's was splendid, as well as grateful. The inscriptions, appropriate and judiciously arranged—the evergreens at the windows—the festoons of natural roses with which the room was hung—and the elegance and abundance of the tables themselves—left the guests nothing to do, but to be cheerful and delighted.

We cannot close this sketch without commending the marshals for their assiduity and good management, so that there was no turbulent or disorderly conduct, and no disaster to interrupt the festivities of the time.

The chief marshal, Col. Wiggins, was assisted by Adj. Winslow and Capt. Cadwell, and the marshal of the citizens, Mr. Sam'l Goss, by several of the principal inhabitants.

* * * * *

We have been obligingly furnished with the following account of his arrival and reception at

ROYALTON.

General La Fayette arrived with his suit, accompanied by Gov. Van Ness and suit, and General Mower and staff at Royalton at 2 o'clock, P.M. He was met two miles from the village by the Tunbridge Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Eaton, and by them escorted to the village under the direction of Maj. Warren. Here he was received with a national salute, fired by a band of revolutionary patriots. A large concourse of citizens having formed a procession, under the direction of Mr. Oel Billings with several assistant marshals, moved to the front of Col. Smith's hotel, and formed an extensive square. The General was advanced to the open portico of the Hotel and having been introduced to the committee of arrangements consisting of Moses Cutter, Daniel Rix, Joseph A. Denison, John Francis, Franklin Hunter and Jacob Collamer:—J. Collamer, by direction of the committee, delivered to the General the following

ADDRESS

General La Fayette.

In behalf of the citizens of Royalton and its vicinity, I am requested to express their extreme joy at beholding you among us.—We bid you welcome to the green hills and happy villages of Vermont.

We know no way of rendering this welcome more acceptable to our nation's Guest than by assuring you that every little town and village of our country, however remote and obscure in the mountains which environ it, is happy in the care and protection of our government.

In the full enjoyment, in common with our splendid cities, of all those privileges and blessings which flow from liberality of our republican institutions, and surrounded with the light and intelligence which attends those institutions we cannot be insensible whence these blessings flow, or the debt of gratitude which they imply. These are the happy results of your early labors and those of your compatriots. Hence the thrill of pleasure which, at your condescending visit, vibrates with electric rapidity and sympathetic orison to the most obscure and remote recesses and extremities of our nation.

Humbly then, Sir, but with sincere hearts would we wish to add, to the gratulations of our cities, our rustic salutations of welcome and thus to express a nation's gratitude to its early benefactor.

We bless the day on which we are permitted to behold you, for your name and services we have long been accustomed to associate and identify with those of the Father of our country.

To this the General made an appropriate reply. There was then individually introduced to the General by Mr. Oel Billings Marshal of the day, about twenty revolutionary soldiers who met with a cordial and affecting reception. General La Fayette having been introduced to several other gentlemen, and taken refreshment, was escorted from town by Capt. Eaton's company.

[*This account appears, also, in the issue of the Sentinel. Editor*]

From the *Woodstock Observer*, July 5

THE NATION'S GUEST

On Tuesday last about 11 o'clock, forenoon, Gen. LA FAYETTE, with his Son, Col. George W. La Fayette and M. Le Vasseur, accompanied by His Excellency Gov. Van Ness and suit and Maj. Gen. Mower and Staff, entered this village from Windsor. A large concourse of people, though the weather was unfavorable, it raining most of the forenoon, had assembled to receive the honored Guest. The procession was formed near Mr. E. King's and entered the village in the order prescribed by the Committee of Arrangements as published in our last. Lieut. Col. Ransom officiated as Marshal assisted by Captain G. W. Rice. The Military Escort was composed of the Light Infantry Company of this town commanded by Capt. B. F. Mower—the Rifle Company from Pomfret commanded by Capt. Snow and two Companies of Infantry, of this town, commanded by Captains Richmond and Parker. The salute was fired by Capt. Warner's Company of Artillery from Barnard. Gen. La Fayette and Gov. Van Ness rode in an open barouche. The procession moved up the street leading to the meeting-house, thence to the Green, around the Green on the westerly side to a platform erected for the occasion in front of Col. Cutting's Hall. A most elegant and extensive triumphal Arch, tastefully dressed with shrubbery and evergreens, was thrown across the street near the Meeting house.—The name of La Fayette in large letters of gold of the gothic type appeared on both sides beautifully decorated among the evergreens, about two feet above the capstone of the arch. The platform at Col. Cutting's was ornamented by arches fancifully dressed with evergreens and festoons of flowers with the names of Washington and La Fayette appearing in the perspective. After the General with the Governor had left the barouche and were conducted to the platform with their respective

suits, he was introduced to the Committee of Arrangements. The Revolutionary soldiers, the military, and citizens formed in front and on the right and left of the platform. T. Hutchinson, Esq. chairman of the committee addressed the General as follows—

General La Fayette,—We have assembled in expectation of your arrival and now bid you the most cordial welcome to this town and Village. We have formed no pretensions to rival the brilliant specimens of taste and wealth you have witnessed in many populous towns: but we proffer you the homage of our hearts, grateful that you have lived; that you have possessed a spirit of enterprise; that you have labored in the cause of liberty, and that in its own native clime; that you still live to see and enjoy the fruit of your labors; that you live to perform your present tour, and be here this day; that we who before, have only read and heard of La Fayette, do now behold him in the midst of us. As you have passed through other states, you have found cities and towns, by you once defended from their enemies, now become populous and wealthy: here are presented to your view a village and a temple reared upon an area which was then clothed with the verdure of the forest; and you everywhere in the United States discover science and the arts, agriculture, commerce and manufactures making rapid strides to eminence, under the fostering care and patronage of the free government which we have received as the result of that glorious revolution in which you performed such a conspicuous part.

Altho one generation, and almost a second have passed away, a few patriots of the revolution yet survive. Some of these present have marched in defence of their country in obedience to your commands. These all yet live to tell us and their posterity what our liberties have cost and how they were attained: Nay, more, they are the living heralds of your disinterested and efficacious exertions to redeem us from colonial bondage and guarantee to us those free institutions which are at once the glory and happiness of our country, and are extending their benign influence thro' the world.

We should rejoice in your longer continuance here, if other and higher claims would permit; but we know you must speedily progress on your tour, and we express the sincere desire of our hearts that your path may be strewed with flowers, fragrant flowers, till you arrive at the blissful shores of immortality.

The General immediately made a pertinent and interesting reply to the address.—He seemed to retain the whole in his memory, and glanced at the several points nearly in the order exhibited.—He ex-

pressed, among other things, the satisfaction he derived from so cordial a welcome here, as announced in the address.—He also attributed the great prosperity which he observed here and in all his travels in America, to that liberty and free government which we enjoy. In allusion to the revolutionary characters he said he did not think it strange that so many yet survived, considering the interest this State took in the scenes of the revolution, and how many were occupied with those scenes, tho the state was then young and but thinly settled. He lamented that he could not tarry longer with us; but said it was impossible, as his appointments urged.—Hoped we should be pleased to excuse his haste, and wished us prosperity and happiness.

The Revolutionary soldiers present, about forty in number, were then individually introduced to the General—he took each by the hand and addressed a few words to each. He was evidently rejoiced to see them, and the tear of affection for a venerated commander glistened in the eyes of many of the old veterans as he cordially shook them by the hand. After this ceremony was over, Gen. La Fayette, the Governor and their respective suits, repaired to Barker's Hotel, where refreshments were provided—here a number of the citizens were introduced to the General, his son and M. Le Vasseur; after which he was conducted to the Meeting house, where near two hundred Ladies with a number of gentlemen, had assembled to meet him. The chairman of the Committee introduced the General to the Ladies, to whom he made a few appropriate observations. Col. G. W. La Fayette, and M. Le Vasseur accompanied the General, and were also introduced. After passing through the several aisles and bowing to the Ladies, they left the Meeting house, and immediately proceeded on their tour to Burlington, accompanied by the Governor and suit.

2. Editorial from the *Northern Sentinel*
Burlington, Friday, July 15, 1825

LaFayette.—We all love him and he loves all of us, says the Con. Mirror; but he must be tired, and we fear our readers may be, of the everlasting receptions, toasts, addresses &c. that have been inflicted upon him. His last public reception was on the Fourth of July in New York. More than an hundred thousand strangers, besides the thousands that belong there were out. An address of the President of the Senate of New York, (Mr. Talmadge, Lieutenant Governor of the state) was made and an answer of course returned. The Senate held an adjourned session under a late law, in New York, and hap-

pened to be on the bench as a court for the correction of errors, on the day we have mentioned. Nothing but want of room crowds these matters, in their detail out, but we have room to say that the address was up to the occasion, and the offhand answer better than could have been anticipated. We can make extracts. The first is from the address—the second from the answer.

“Such is the character of the blessings which flow from freedom—such are some of the results proceeding from that independence, and those republican institutions, which we enjoy, and which you assisted to establish, & to which you first sealed your devotion, with a portion of your blood at the Brandywine. It was the participation in such a cause, and the performance of such deeds, by which you merited the gratitude and gained the devotional friendship of this nation. That friendship has attended you in every subsequent event of your life, and it has ever found you, in the hour of temptation and trial, faithful to liberty, good order, and a government of laws.—The enthusiasm of youth might have attracted you to our cause; the firmness of manhood and the spirit to withstand oppression, might have sustained you when suffering in the prison of Olmutz; but a virtuous love of rational liberty, could alone have enabled you to resist the temptations of power, and the workings of ambition, when a mighty Revolution had placed you at the head of the National Guards of France, and invited you to wield the power of that wonderful people.

It was then that danger awaited you; it was then that the love of principle prevailed over the love of power, and virtue triumphed over ambition.

It is at such moments, in the possession of power and apparent prosperity, that human weakness is most exposed. It was in such moments when a *Cesar*, a *Napoleon*, and an *Iturbide* fell. It was in such moments when a *Washington*, a *La Fayette*, and a *Bolivar* triumphed!”

“THE FOURTH OF JULY has been the era of a new social order hitherto unexampled, and founded on the sovereignty of the people—on the plain rights of man—on the practice of unalloyed self-government. Its results have exceeded the most sanguine expectations—its problem has been happily and practically solved; and another problem remains to be solved; how long other nations will prefer paying, at an immense price, the aristocracy and despotism of a few privileged oppressors, to the blessings of freedom and equal rights, under economical and truly representative institutions?”



A VERMONT SKETCHBOOK

I. TEACHING IN THE KEELER "DEESTRICT" SCHOOL

by LUCIA B. DOWNING

This charming sketch by Mrs. Downing tells the story of a fourteen-year-old Vermont girl at the beginning of a teaching career. Mrs. Downing was born in Essex Center, Aug. 3, 1868. She taught in the Keeler District School Number 9 on the Brown's River road leading to Westford, Vt. After graduating from the University of Vermont in 1889, she was a teacher in Vermont schools until she secured a position in Erie, Penn., where most of her teaching was done. She later married Jerome B. Downing of Erie. They came to Essex Junction and built a home there where they lived until Mr. Downing's death. She died in Manchester, Conn., in July, 1945. Editor.

*Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumacs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.*

It is still standing—the little red schoolhouse where I, a little girl barely fourteen, began my career as a teacher; still standing, though with sunken roof and broken windows, a solitary reminder of the days of long ago. No longer does its door's worn sill resound to the clatter of copper-toed boots; no longer does its smoking box-stove drive pupils and teacher out into the frosty air; never again on a summer's day will the passer-by hear the droning sound of the ab-abs, or the singsong recital of the multiplication table. The children, if there are any now in the old "Keeler Deestricht," clamber into a bus and ride merrily away to a central seat of learning five miles distant. "Time rolls his ceaseless course!"

In the days of my adventure, Vermont had no law restricting the age, or youth, of a teacher, but shortly after my experience, and possibly consequent thereto, the state passed a law making sixteen the earliest age at which one might begin what Thompson, who probably never taught a day in his life, calls

*Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.*

In our little town, the duties of a school superintendent were not burdensome, nor the position lucrative, and for many years our superintendent was the village doctor (Dr. L. C. Butler), who was probably the best-educated man in town, not even excepting the minister! The doctor could easily combine the two occupations—I had almost said “kill two birds with one stone!” For instance, he could visit the school on Brigham Hill when he had a patient up there, and save a trip up a steep hill with narrow, rocky road, which even to a Ford presents difficulties to this day. The doctor lived about two miles out of the village (Page’s Corners) in a lovely old colonial house, once used as an inn and a popular Mecca for horseback parties in the good old days. There was a schoolhouse—red, of course—just across the road, and the doctor could drop in there at any time. But to the teachers in outlying districts it was a decided advantage to have a doctor for supervisor. The teacher always knew if any one in the neighborhood was sick, and she could keep watch of the road. When old white Dolly, drawing the easy low phaeton, hove in sight, there was time to furbish up a little, and call out a class of the brightest pupils!

The doctor had vaccinated me when a little girl came from Canada with symptoms of that dreaded disease, small pox, and all the parents were calling him in. And he had brought me through measles and chicken pox, and his wife was my Sunday School teacher, and I was not a bit afraid of him. So when my sister, already a teacher, went to take another examination, the spring I was thirteen, I went along too, and said to the doctor, who was only a superintendent that day, that, if he had enough papers, I should like to see how many questions I could answer. The doctor smiled at me, and gave me an arithmetic paper for a starter. It proved to be easy, for it brought in some favorite problems in percentage, which would be an advantage to a merchant, as they showed how to mark goods in such a way that one could sell below the marked price, and still make a profit. I guess all merchants must have studied Greenleaf’s *Arithmetic*! There was either a problem under the old Vermont Annual Interest Rule, or we were asked to write the rule. As it covered a half page in the book, writing it out involved some labor. I felt quite well pleased with my paper, and then proudly started on Grammar. I knew I could do something with that, for I loved to parse and analyze and “diagram,” according to Reed and Kellogg. In fact, my first knowledge, and for many years my only knowledge, of “Paradise Lost” was gleaned from a little blue

parsing book, and I have always been puzzled to know whether "barbaric" modifies "kings" or "pearl and gold":

*High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat.*

Next came Geography. Though I had never traveled farther than Burlington, I knew, thanks to Mr. Guyot and his green geography, that Senegambia was "rich in gold, iron ore and gum-producing trees." (I always supposed it was "spruce gum," so popular before gutta-percha and licorices were combined and put up in slabs.) History and Civil Government were pretty hard for me, but next came Physiology, and I made the most of my bones and circulatory system, hoping to impress the physician. But it was in Theory and School Management that I did myself proud. I discoursed at length on ventilation and temperature, and, knowing that "good government" is a most desirable and necessary qualification for a teacher, I advocated a firm, but kind and gentle method, with dignity of bearing. In giving my views of corporal punishment, I related a story I had read of the Yankee teacher who was asked his views on the subject. He said, "Wal, moral suasion's my theory, but lickin's my practice!". When I reported at home that I had told that story, my Father laughed, but Mother expressed deep disgust.

When I compared notes with my sister, in regard to my answers, I began to feel that I did not know as much as I thought I did! An anxious week followed, and I haunted the post office. Finally, one morning, there was an envelope addressed in Dr. Butler's scholarly hand, but it bore my sister's name, and there was none for me. I was heartbroken—evidently my record was so poor that he was not going to tell me how I stood. But, as my sister opened her envelope, out fluttered two yellow slips—two certificates, entitling the recipients to teach in Vermont for one year. And one was in my name! I cannot recall any subsequent joy equal to what I felt at that moment—even a college diploma and a Phi Beta Kappa key, in later years, brought less of a thrill.

Of course, the eight or ten districts in town were already supplied with teachers, and no doubt that was why I was given a certificate, instead of a mere statement of standing. But one day my chum (Lena

Brown) told me that in her Grandfather Keeler's district they planned to open up the old schoolhouse, unused for years because there were no children. Now there were at least four, of school age, and a school was demanded. She said the committeeman was Mr. Nichols (Charles Nichols), a friend of my father, and I insisted that he be interviewed. Thinking it was the "big girl" Father was talking about, Mr. Nichols talked very encouragingly, but when he found it was I who thus aspired, he laughed scornfully. Although Father told him I had a certificate, and was really bigger than the "big" one, the case looked hopeless. Sometime later he came to the house, and I happened to be the only member of the family at home. After various circumlocutions he told me that I might try it. He said they could not pay much, as there probably would be only four scholars, and said he would let me know when school would open and where I should board—"boarding-around" was gone by at that time. I was the happiest person in town that night, but later I heard he had said to others that, with so few scholars, it didn't matter much anyway—and I made up my mind to do or die.

Before the term opened I had a birthday and attained the mature age of fourteen, but, in spite of unusual height for my years, I really did not look very old, and my chief anxiety was to acquire the appearance that for many years now I have made every effort to avoid! My skirts were fearfully short, and though Mother let out the last tuck and hem, they only reached to the tops of my buttoned boots, and, unless I was careful in seating myself, there was a glimpse of my stockings that no modest young woman, especially a teacher, should permit! However, Mother sewed a watch-pocket in my little dresses, and gave me her watch, a lovely little Swiss, with wide-open face, and there was a gorgeous long chain. You can't think how much dignity was added thereby! The next difficulty was my hair, heavy and long, and the only way I could fix it was to make a long, thick, childish braid. But, after many experiments, I achieved a way of folding it up, under and under, tying it close to my head, and I thought it resembled a real pug.

It was to be a fall term, and it probably opened late in August. The morning dawned when I was to begin "the glorious adventure." Father harnessed old Diamond—he was just my age, but what is old age for a horse is youth to a human being—and I came out with a little black bag, borrowed from Mother, and wearing my blue gingham dress. I had insisted on wearing that one, because it was a half-inch longer than any other. I can visualize it now—rather tight

at the waist, fortunately for the watch-pocket, with ruffles at the bottom.

I was supposed to board in the family of a Mr. Vespasian Leach, a former merchant, who, like many such, had retired to a farm. As we jogged along, we met Mr. Leach taking his milk to the cheese factory, and he told us that, owing to sickness, they could not take a boarder. My father expressed his regret, and, with fine old-fashioned courtesy, said he had counted on my being looked after by these old friends. Presently we met Mr. Nichols, and he said that I was to board in *his* family. Father said he was delighted to know that, and he would not worry about me at all. After we passed along I said, "Why, Father, you told Mr. Leach how sorry you are, and now you tell Mr. Nichols how glad you are." I do not recall his explanation, except that it sounded very reasonable, and that was my first lesson in diplomacy. I see now that there was no dishonesty in my father's mind or language.

Well, we journeyed on, passing the schoolhouse on the way to the Nichols farm. I don't know how I felt—that is one of the things I can't remember! I was to go home week-ends, though of course we called it "over Sunday," and it looked to me like a long, long week. Mr. Nichols was a wealthy farmer, with a grown-up family; and one son, with his wife and two babies (only one baby the first week), lived at home. There were menservants and maidservants galore, and we all sat down to most marvelous meals at a long table in a big dining-room. And what wonderful food! Picture it, even if you have not had the experience, and have not the imagination, of an Ichabod Crane! We did not have exactly the things to eat that made the pedagogue's mouth water in anticipation, but in retrospection it seems that nothing could be so good again as what was daily set before us. We did not have a young roast pig, but we had delicious home-smoked ham and tender roasts, and milk-fed chickens and honey with biscuits rich with cream, and then all the fruits and vegetables that early fall makes possible on a rich "interval" farm, besides plenty of eggs and cream and butter.

Then, too, I was treated like an honored guest, and given the "spare room" with blue walls and curtains, and was always addressed as "Teacher"—much to my satisfaction. I had really worried over that matter, for to call me Miss B. was absurd, and I feared I might be addressed by a familiar nickname, or pet name, which was most undignified. But, with the new title, my self-respect increased amazingly, and also my *conceit*. After four o'clock I was free from school

duties, and I enjoyed the family life, playing with the two babies, or listening to the little parlor organ, played by some member of the family, and often there was a song by the son. I remember how he sang "Finnegan's Wake," and the song about the man from India, who ate ice cream and could never get warm again.

From nine to twelve and from one to four I was supposed to spend in the schoolhouse, and I can't see how I ever managed to put in the time—six long hours every day—with four pupils! Most of the time there were only four (four—all named Leach—two families), but one morning the number was increased. I was startled to see a young lady in trailing gown (how I envied her) approach and ask if she might come to school, adding that she loved me, just seeing me go by the house! She brought with her a little purple primer, with such lucid and inspiring sentences as, "Lo, I go! See me go up." She had learned to read out of that antiquated book before I was born, but in the intervening years reading had become a lost art, and she was ready to begin all over. It was a wonderful help to me in killing time, for each day we could go over and over the same thing, never too often to please her, as she stood by me and picked out the sentences, letter by letter.

But I still wonder how I put in the time. I did not knit or crochet, for I had heard of teachers who had made trouble for themselves by so doing. I was not skilful at drawing, and I couldn't sing much, being like the old woman who knew just two tunes—"Old Hundred" and "Doxology!" And when each pupil had read and ciphered and spelled and passed the water and recessed and recessed and passed the water and spelled and had a lesson in geography and read and spelled, there was usually an hour before I dared dismiss them. I sometimes carried my watch key to school and turned the hands ahead, but that took me home to the committee-man's too early. Parents, what few there were, I suppose were glad to be relieved of the care of their offspring, and no one ever suggested a shortening of the hours. I had to earn my salary! We had few books, and my principal memorizing had been confined to the Westminster Catechism with its one hundred and seven long answers, but I knew a few poems, and I taught the children all I knew. I devised what I thought was a wonderful set of "Instructive Questions and Answers," suggested by a *New England Primer* that had come down in our family, but I did not limit the field of instruction to matters Biblical, attempting rather to cover the entire realm of knowledge in art, science, history, literature and what you will.

My pride suffered several falls. I did not have very good discipline, for one thing. Then, when I was proud of my success in teaching a boy to read by the word method, just coming into use, I ventured to suggest that words were made up of letters, and began to point them out. He said, "Yes, I knew my letters last year, and that's why I know how to read." Then there was one *big* boy who was *peevish* because I would not allow him the same privilege as the little ones who always wanted to kiss "Teacher" good night. And my oldest pupil took a dislike to her teacher, as sudden and as inexplicable as her erstwhile fondness.

The glorious autumn days flew by, and the ten weeks' term was drawing to a close. One of the most arduous tasks was "keeping the register," and the consequent figuring up of averages at the end of the term. There was the total number of days' attendance by all pupils; the average attendance per day, which would have been a fine record, except for the defection of the oldest pupil, and the number of days' attendance per pupil. My sister showed me how to do all those things, but there was a vital question that I was obliged to leave until the last moment, namely, the amount of salary received. Except that it would be a small salary, the subject had never been mentioned. I was worried; just suppose I did not get enough to pay my board! I really had eaten a great deal, and I knew Father would not want to pay my board, even if he had the money. Waiting until the last possible moment to finish my register, I approached Mr. Nichols after one of the fine dinners we always had. When I spoke of my difficulty in completing the register, he looked worried—maybe he had heard of those averages! But, as I told him my *real* difficulty, he looked relieved, and smiled, as he said, in his delightful, cultured Yankee drawl, that the *district* *calculated* they could afford to pay three dollars and a half a week, to cover salary and board, the proportion to be determined by the committeeman, and he had decided to give me two dollars a week for my work, and take only a dollar and a half for board, which, I may say, was a most generous arrangement, in view of everything!

But the last days of school were busy ones. I drilled the scholars on the pieces they were to speak—I can remember one of them now, "Little Dan"—and I told the children how important it was that they should behave well the last day, if never before or later. And school ended in a blaze of glory, a vast and terrifying audience having assembled—entirely out of proportion to the number of pupils. There were fond parents, and grandparents, and aunts and uncles and cousins

thrice removed. I think there were twenty-five visitors and only four scholars, but the children did very well. They went through some specially prepared lessons in the various subjects they had been studying; they spoke their pieces without prompting, and they went glibly through the "Instructive Questions and Answers," though if I had made a slip and asked the questions out of order, the results might have been disastrous. They might have said that Vermont is the largest state in the Union, or that George Washington had sailed the ocean blue in 1492, or that Rome was built by Julius Caesar, but I do not recall that any such contretemps occurred. I do fear, however, that "Teacher," herself, was at that time a bit uncertain as to whether the *I. Watts* who wrote hymns was the *J. Watt* whose mother had a teakettle. Everything went off well, and I presented the children with cards, for which I had borrowed the money from my sister, and my pupils and their friends said goodbye, and I went proudly home with twenty dollars, the remuneration for ten weeks of toil. But never before or since has that sum of money gone so far. I went to Burlington the next week, and I bought blue flannel for a dress, a photograph album, a cage for my canary, a beaver hat, and numerous small things, besides paying up for my cards.

I went back to school, picking up my work at the Academy, and I felt rather superior to my classmates. When spring came, I was flattered to be asked to go back and teach another term. I was told that children had moved into the neighborhood, some had become of school age, and some had even been born, in the hope of going to school to me! I went back, and completed my second term as a teacher while I was fourteen. I had fifteen scholars, and probably more salary, though I do not remember. As a matter of fact, I do not recall much about that second term and the other terms I taught there and elsewhere during my school and college course. But the incidents of that first term are still vivid in my mind after nearly half a century. It was an unusual experience, and the events of each week were told over at home, and repeated to any one who would listen, as I did a "round, unvarnished tale deliver." In the telling I have not exaggerated or drawn upon my imagination, but as I call the old time back, memories rush upon me, and I can visualize the scene, and it is all as fresh as if it had happened yesterday.



2. A VERMONT GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDFATHER *by* MILDRED A. WELD

Our memory of a Vermont grandmother goes, after the male manner, back to her pantry. While no pantry ever, probably, changed the course of history—or has it?—many a grandmother or grandfather changed the direction of more than one young Vermont life—and in the right direction.
Editor.

My acquaintance with my grandparents covered the period from 1888 to 1899. Grandfather was, during that time, a man of seventy-one years of age advancing to eighty-two. Since I was not yet nine years of age and never knew him in youth or middle-age, and also because he was naturally reticent and undemonstrative, not showing more than a casual interest in his grandchildren, I accepted him as I found him, a man of advanced years. I had the same casual interest in him as he showed in me, and that ended the matter. I did not think of him as ever having been young or middle-aged, and I recall no incident during those eleven years that linked him with the years that had gone before. Imagine my eager interest, then, nearly thirty years after his death, to secure access to letters which place him definitely in a family circle of wide human interest and reveal him as once a person of youth and ambition, in striking contrast to the timid, over cautious, conservative person of my childhood recollections.

While he was a tall spare man, my grandmother was a short, heavy-set woman. Perhaps he would have asserted himself more had she asserted herself less. She had china blue eyes, a fair skin, and white hair, and was two years his junior. She had come as a beautiful bride of twenty-three, fair and slender, as her wedding dress will testify, to the new white village home in Groton, Vermont, where they lived together for over fifty years. The house had the characteristic green shutters and white picket fence around the half acre of yard and garden patch which are found so frequently in New England homes. Grandmother was just as loquacious as grandfather was reticent, and treated us children to cookies, raisins, or maple sugar, as the spirit moved, and the larder yielded its stores; while grandfather was known to return from the village store with his hand stealthily rustling in a coat pocket and never divulging to us that the pocket contained a paper sack of horehound drops. Leave it to children to discover the secret!

He owned a hundred-acre farm a mile from the village and, when I first knew him, drove the old buckboard to the farm daily in summer to till the ground, cut the hay by hand with a scythe, and milk the

Jersey cows in the pasture. We children often accompanied him and fished in the trout brook behind the barn, or picked wild raspberries on the "new land." In the winter time the cows were brought to the village barn, and my grandfather and grandmother spent each Saturday morning churning the butter, stamping it with a sheaf of wheat in half-pound prints, and wrapping them in oiled paper. These they packed in fifty-pound trunks and sent to the Boston market.

In the early spring when the sap began to rise in the maple trees, while the ground was still covered with snow, at the age of eight I got astride the old mare, holding on by the hames of the harness, and accompanied my grandfather, who trudged on foot across lots through the deep snow to his "sugar-place" a mile and a half away. We carried our lunch in a tin pail and spent the day in gathering sap and making sugar. We found my Uncle Fuller at the sugarhouse, where he had spent the night boiling the sap in long pans over the brick arch, and we assisted him in the work. In spite of these days spent with my grandfather, I recall no conversations with him on these trips, but only silent companionship.

I seem to remember that grandfather had made axes for the lumbermen before he was a farmer, but that was before I knew him. I also recall old rope bee hives, long unused, in the corn cribs in the orchard. The village barn was large, with high mows, a marvelous place in which the grandchildren could play in the hay and jump from the high beams, startling the swallows. The kitchen chamber was a storehouse for ripe ears of corn, and the woodshed was a large room adjoining the kitchen, into which water constantly flowed from a spring on the hillside. My grandfather had a private lavatory which no one else ever used, in a corner of the spacious kitchen, and a long closet for his working clothes, commonly called the "clothes press."

All preparing of food and washing of dishes was accomplished in a large pantry, or serving-room, which was equipped with shelves for pots and pans, a cupboard for the Blue Delft china dishes, a blue-painted maple sugar tub that would hold half a barrel of sugar, a meal chest with partitions for different varieties of flour and meal, a high stool upon which my grandmother sat at the sink in washing dishes, and a low stool upon which she sat when working at the meal chest. She had a reputation for her vinegar which she sold to the neighbors, and for her Indian meal puddings which she made for neighborhood or church festivals.

The front parlor was furnished in a walnut "parlor-set" upholstered in haircloth. It was used on formal occasions such as when Mr.

Bushnell, the Methodist Minister, came to tea, meaning the evening meal, or when other formal guests came to the house. A whatnot of curios and stereographic views was in the corner, the family Bible on the center table, and beautiful dyed feather flowers in frames were scattered about the room. One summer I slept in the "parlor bedroom" and had to make daily passages through this grandeur. It was my last most grown-up summer there, and I was approaching the age of early childhood romance when the privilege was most meaningful.

The guest chamber was upstairs at the front of the house. It was the only bedroom with a modern bedroom suite, but in the light of present day values, least well furnished in comparison with the four posters in the other rooms. A map of Caledonia County hung on the wall, and this was a source of great interest to us children. The closet contained files of Godey's *The Lady's Book*, which we used to pore over for entertainment on rainy days. There were also elaborately beaded specimens of Indian handiwork which grandfather's brother Charles had acquired in trading with the Indians in Maine and brought as gifts to his sister Immogine on one of his visits.

My grandmother had an herb chest containing ten large drawers below, and two cupboards with shelves above. This was in a downstairs bedroom, adjacent to the living-room, which I occupied on winter visits. I can recall, even yet, the fragrance of the herb chest when the doors were opened!

The village home was the third house north of the Methodist Church. I do not recall ever seeing either of my grandparents inside the meeting-house, but they kept a family pew which we always occupied with dignity and pride when we visited them.

Sequestered by the joys of domestic happiness, my grandparents were content to forego the excitement of travel and adventure, and to live a sheltered life within the borders of their own state, meeting with responsibility the duties incident to uneventful daily life in a rural community; but their grandchildren remember them with pride.





Vermont State Papers

AN EDITORIAL by EDWARD A. HOYT

Mr. Hoyt is officially the Editor of State Papers of Vermont. He was Director of the Vermont Historical Society from 1940 to 1942, leaving this position to serve as Historical Officer of the Artillery Department of the United States Army. Editor.

THERE is located in the vault of the Secretary of State's office in Montpelier a large manuscript collection of the papers of the state. This collection includes almost all of the existing official records for the years prior to 1800, a sizable body of those for the years from 1800 to about 1835, and some items of later date. In addition, it contains the correspondence of the governors of the state from 1890 to the present and that of a few of the governors prior to that date. The whole of this material has come to be known as the *Vermont State Papers*.

It may prove of value to the readers of the *Quarterly* to have a general idea of the contents of this collection, to be reminded of the portions of it that have already been published, and to be informed of those portions which, as it is now planned, are to be published in the future. These papers constitute a body of historical source material that can be of great use to local, state and even national historians. For the early years they contain the basic framework of the history of Vermont as well as a vast amount of data on virtually all of its towns.

The largest share of these manuscripts have been placed in eighty volumes which have been given the binder's title, *Vermont State Papers*. The volumes which cover the years prior to 1800 include among other items original acts of the Assembly (as distinguished from the engrossed laws), orders on the treasurer, county court records, petitions to the legislature, public letters, reports of the committees of the Assembly, commissary's receipts, and records of the confiscation of Tory estates. The volumes for the years after 1800 include petitions to the legislature, material on the State House, reports of the committees of the Assembly, and items on turnpikes.

The use of most of these volumes is greatly facilitated by a massive

card index. This index was compiled by Mrs. Mary G. Nye, former editor of State Papers, and covers names, places and subjects. With its aid data may be located with a facility otherwise impossible.

Another important part of the collection consists of the Papers of the Surveyors-General. Something over sixty volumes of various sizes constitute these papers. Naturally they contain primarily records of early surveys and the field books of the surveyors, including those of Ira Allen, James Whitelaw, and Eben W. Judd. However, they also contain abstracts of vendues, synopses of deeds, miscellaneous proprietors' records, maps, town plans, and even the personal journals of one of the surveyors. An Index to the Papers of the Surveyors-General was published in 1918 as volume I of the State Papers of Vermont. Items therein are listed for the most part under the towns which they concern, and effective search of this mass of material is thus made possible.

In addition to these two major portions the State Papers collection includes among other things the manuscript laws of the state from 1779, the manuscript journals of the Assembly from 1778, the journals of the Governor and Council from 1777 to 1836, the early Vermont charters, bills presented to the Assembly that failed of passage from 1800 to around 1840, and a small part of the Stevens Collection of transcripts of material concerning the early history of the state.

Possibly a few readers will need to be reminded that portions of the manuscript State Papers have been published. William Slade included material from this collection in his volume entitled Vermont State Papers, which was published in Middlebury in 1823. Records of the Governor and Council was published in eight volumes from 1873 to 1880, and contains the journals of that body as well as a great deal of material from other sources.

The present series of volumes, State Papers of Vermont, has, of course, as its primary object the publication of materials in the manuscript collection. The charters of the towns granted by Vermont were published as volume II of this series, while the journals of the General Assembly (1778-1791) were published in four parts as volume III and the reports of committees to the General Assembly (1778-1801) as volume IV. Petitions for land were printed as volume V and the papers relating to the confiscation of Tory estates as volume VI. Volume VII contains New York land patents covering lands within the state of Vermont, the originals of which are found in the office of the Secretary of State and in the State Library, both at Albany.

Copies of the volumes of this series as well as of those of Records

Vol. I 19

Slade's V.
State Papers
1823
Gov. & Council
1873-1880

Vol. II

Vol. III Pt 1
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Vol. IV

Vol. V

Vol. VI

Vol. VII

of the Governor and Council have been distributed to the town clerks and libraries of the state. In the case that any town now lacks these volumes, they may be obtained (except volumes I & II of the *State Papers of Vermont* which are out of print) free of charge by addressing the State Librarian, Montpelier. Private persons may purchase copies from the same source.

The major part of the manuscript collection remains, of course, unpublished, and it is the intention of the Secretary of State's office to continue the publication of volumes for the printed series. At present, work is being completed on the first of a set of probably four volumes containing the petitions addressed to the legislature from 1778 to 1800. The first volume will cover the years 1778 through 1787. In less immediate prospect is the publication of the manuscript laws prior to 1800.

In conclusion, it may be noted that the State Papers are public documents and may be consulted in the office of the Secretary of State. All possible assistance will be given to any person interested in their serious use. Inquiries by mail concerning their contents are welcomed and will be given every consideration that is possible.





Folklore Department

Edited by LEON W. DEAN
President, Green Mountain Folklore Society

A Timely Dream

John Spafford migrated to Cambridge, Vt., from Pierpont, N. H., in May of 1783 and cleared two acres of land on what is now my father's farm. The first summer on these acres he built his cabin and planted corn. In November, after his crops were harvested, he returned to his family, who awaited him in Pierpont. The following spring he brought his wife and two young daughters back to the log cabin, which he had built on a hillside overlooking the Lamoille River.

The nearest gristmill was at Colchester Falls, about twenty-five miles away. Each winter, when the farm work was not so heavy, he would take his corn to Colchester and get it ground into meal. Too, it was easier to travel on the river's ice and draw his grist on a wooden hand-sled. Such a trip required about three days.

John was making his usual gristmill trip, and on the fourth day Sarah, his wife, began making trips to the cabin door to see if she couldn't see her husband coming home. Night came, and no John, but, being a sensible woman, Sarah was not alarmed. Often he was delayed at the mill or stopped over night at some settler's cabin to chat. She added another log to the fireplace, banking it carefully, lest it might go out in the night, and went to bed.

Her sleep was troubled by a dream that her husband was calling for help. Being a practical, hardy pioneer woman, she did not believe in mere dreams. Still, the dream persisted until she could not sleep at all. So she arose, dressed, lighted a pine-knot torch, and went down to the river bank, where the dream had told her to go. There, to her surprise and dismay, she found her husband, who was exhausted and unable to crawl the rest of the way to the cabin.

(Note: This story was told to me by my father, who is eighty-eight years old, and it was verified by two other old residents as a story they had always heard. As a youngster I played house in the old cellar hole. Nearby was an old well from which the Spaffords got their water.¹

The Way of It

The road was paved with planks, four inches thick and ten feet long. They were sawed in three old up-and-down sawmills. The stages made two trips a day from Stowe to Waterbury, requiring about two hours to cover the distance from one town to the other. The stages were drawn by four horses, the driver sitting up front with his feet on the bag of mail. Passengers rode inside on two seats which faced each other. Baggage was carried on top and in a rear compartment.²



Robert's Experience

Martha Sattley lived in Ferrisburg. One day she saw three deer in the corn. She called to her husband, Robert, telling him what a beautiful picture they made. But Robert felt differently about their presence and immediately took his gun. He got within gunshot and fired, wounding the buck. He trailed the deer some distance by a bloody trail, and found him dead in a small open field.

The buck was too large to carry, so he decided to go back to the cabin and get a rope with which to drag the deer home. While at the cabin, he leaned his gun against the shed. He got the rope and started back for his game.

As he neared the clearing, he could hear snarling and growling. Thinking that some dogs had found his deer, he hurried on. As he came into the clearing, sure enough, four dogs were tearing at the buck. He ran and tried to drive them off. But as he drew within striking distance, he saw they were queer-looking dogs. The teeth were longer, fur brownish-gray, and they did not intend to give up their prey. These were not dogs, but wolves.

One of the wolves attacked Robert and had nearly exhausted him when Martha heard him calling. Thinking the load was too much for him, she decided to go and help. In passing the shed she saw the musket and took it along. When she came into the clearing and saw the animals, with Robert lying on the ground, she pulled the trigger, and Providence killed one of the wolves. The shot frightened the others away, and Robert was able to get his deer.³

Hulled Corn

Take an 8-quart iron kettle, fill two-thirds full of wood ashes, cover with boiling water, and let stand three hours. Use only the lye, emptying out the ashes. Put in 2 quarts of shelled yellow corn. Boil until hulls loosen. Then wash in cold water, using a wooden spoon. Wash until all grit and hulls are gone and corn is soft and clean looking.⁴



Household Remedies

A horse chestnut carried in the pocket prevents rheumatism.



An eel skin tied about the leg prevents cramps.



Burdock leaves crushed and heated benefit muscular pains.



An infusion of butternut bark is a strong cathartic.



Wash hair in sage tea to prevent growing gray.⁵



Lost and Found

A man who witnessed the St. Albans Raid when but a boy of ten or twelve told me that the Confederates had nothing but their pockets in which to carry the stolen bills and that many of them were dropped along the road, as riding a galloping horse bareback was not conducive to holding bulky things in one's pockets. A large number of the stolen bills, if not most of them, were recovered and returned to the banks. He was on the street at the time of the raid and witnessed much of what took place.⁶



Baked Salt Pork

Here is a recipe for baked salt pork which interests me. As salt pork was used so much in the pioneers' diet, I expect they were glad to find a way to use it besides the usual freshening and frying.

Take a piece of salt pork, the proper size for the family, wash thoroughly, soak over night in sweet milk, score the rind an inch deep in half-inch cuts and fill the incisions with a highly seasoned dressing. Dust with pepper and lay in a baking dish with a cup of milk. About an hour before dinner pour most of the gravy out of the pan, surround the pork with potatoes and brown. Skim fat from gravy, thicken, and season. Serve the pork in thin slices.⁷



Horse Killer

Dean Scott, now seventy-nine years old, was a trainer of trotting horses when he was young. His horses have won many races, and he was the first person to have trained animals—oxen—perform in front of the grandstand at Sheldon Fair.

One day, many years ago, he was working out one of his trotters on the race track at Richford. About the third time around the track, he met a Mr. Doane from Bakersfield, also trying out his horses for a race.

As they passed, Doane called out: "Hey, Scott, what'd you give your sick horse the other day?"

Scarcely hearing him and not caring much what he answered, Scott yelled, "Turpentine," and drove on.

The next day Doane came back and said, "I gave my horse turpentine, and it died."

"So did mine," replied Scott.⁸



Vermont Sayings

Don't need it any more than a pig needs a wallet.

Stuck out like a blackberry in a jug of milk.

She was the village belle, but never tolled.

No larger than twice around a toothpick and half way back.

Her head looks as if it had worn out two bodies.

Homely as hell is wicked.⁹



Just Like That

One day Charles, later Governor, Gates hitched his spanking pair of Morgans to a two-seater and took us up through the country

which had been the scene of the Fenian Raid. He described to us in detail the whole affair, of which he had been an eye witness when a boy of about fifteen.

He told us that a carload of rifles and ammunition had been shipped in by rail, consigned as brick or some such material. The guns were unloaded and distributed down at the railroad station—East Sheldon I think it is—and the Fenians streamed north for the attack just above Franklin. Gates showed us the bridge where the attack was stopped, described the old sawmill and lumber yard near by, and told how the intrepid General O'Neal led his men, merely an irregular and untrained mob, as far as the lumber yard, when, seeing the red-coated soldiers across the bridge, he shouted to his men, "There they are! Go for them!" and discreetly withdrew between two piles of lumber. U. S. Marshal Foster, just returning from a conference with the British commander, noted General O'Neal's withdrawal and stopped his horse and covered buggy opposite the alley between the lumber piles into which O'Neal had vanished, calling out, "Get right in here!" O'Neal quickly scrambled into the buggy, and they drove away. The straggling bunch of Irishmen ran down toward the bridge and fired a few scattering shots, but a volley from the British, fired over their heads, sent them back, and the Fenian Raid was over.¹⁰



Boiled Cider Apple Sauce

Boil cider down to $\frac{1}{4}$ its original quantity. Looks like molasses. Peel, core and quarter enough apples to make ten quarts (Baldwin's best). To apples add about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of the boiled cider. Cook the two together about two hours. If apples seem dry, add a little water. Cool. May be kept frozen in a white-oak barrel and used as desired. A favorite dish of the Houston family as far back as can be remembered.¹¹



How to Make a Corn-Cob Doll

In the early days the younger children were always satisfied with handmade toys and games which centered around their own communities. (By younger children I mean all those under the age of twelve years.) One very particular toy which the girls were happy to possess was a corn-cob doll, commonly called a rag doll. Two

short, plump cobs were selected and tied securely together for the body. Then a loose covering was made and slipped over these cobs for a body foundation. The arms and legs were formed into just the right size to blend well with the body proportion. These appendages were sewed securely into the proper spaces reserved for them. The head was made round and soft, usually being covered with an old black stocking. After the right consistency as to width, height and depth was obtained, it was sewed into the proper place.

Now the face must be made beautiful, so grandma scoured around the house for two identical buttons which were to be used for the eyes. These were fastened with great precision, as Nancy must have the prettiest doll in the neighborhood. Then a small piece of red flannel was used for the lips. (Red flannel was easy to obtain in those days, as the people thought only red flannels could keep them from freezing.)

In order to cover the hideous-looking head a sun-bonnet was made and fastened securely in the proper place. Now, the next question was the dress. It must be long, at least down to the calf of the leg. The doll must have long sleeves and a very high collar. At last, after much discussion between the grandma and the child, the proper material was selected, and a dress was soon created to adorn this lovely creature. The dress was sewed tightly to the doll's body.

At last the latest creation from Paris was exhibited in this doll's finery. The youngster was warned as to the proper care it should receive, but the joy of possessing this coveted prize cannot be measured. Old people today often mention how much comfort they took with their corn-cob doll.¹²



Folsom's Harbor

Folsom's harbor is a beautiful little cove off the east shore opposite the Island Villa. Unless it be some older resident, or a few fishermen, I don't believe many people know of the existence of this beautiful little harbor.

Had we lived at about 1790, though, I think we would have been very much aware of Folsom harbor, for on this cove lived two or three families of that name, headed by John Folsom, Grand Isle's first boat builder.

In the year of 1790 these boat-builders built the first sailing vessel

which many people of this town saw for the first time on the waters of Lake Champlain.

It was a small schooner, commanded by John Folsom, who received the title of "Admiral," from the townspeople.

For a period of years this snug little harbor was also used as winter quarters for canal boats. They were brought here late in the fall, just before freeze-up, partially sunk with a ballast of gravel or sand and frozen in for the winter, to be floated in the spring.

Whatever became of the homes of this family of Folsoms I do not know, but they are gone today, the place where they lived marked only by one depression that could have been a cellar hole.

Oldtimers tell me the appearance of the harbor has greatly changed in the last few years. The harbor itself is not nearly as large as it was, having been filled in by gravel that has been washed in these last few years.¹³



Some Hosses

"I had the best pair of hosses. Why, one day I had on a big load of wood, and going up hill, most all glare ice, I had to stop with the sled on bare ground. I thought for sure I was stuck, but those hosses drawed till they drawed their shoes right off, took me up the hill and left them shoes stuck right thar in the ice. Yessir, them was some hosses to draw."¹⁴



To the Point

Epitaph in Grafton marking the grave of a man shot by an enemy:
I'M SHOT

Another in the same cemetery, with the finger of a hand pointing downward, reads:

GONE HOME¹⁵



Had His Reasons

A minister by the name of Daniels who lived in Berkshire had several parishes and kept a horse. Every Sunday morning he shod his horse and at night pulled the shoes off. At first people thought he

did it to save the shoes, but on being questioned he explained that he did not sleep with his shoes on and he did not intend to make his horse do it either. In the winter he borrowed a pony from one of his parishioners whose children were not using it and hitched it to the thill, where it traveled beside his horse. When asked the reason, he said he knew that his horse liked company.¹⁶



The Spoken Word

Some of the old lady's sayings are:
She had a "slick-up dress," for her best dress.
Heard a "catouse," for a commotion.
"Right out straight," for being busy all day.
Someone lived "across the mowing," meaning a field.
She asks you to "set awhile."
"A-kiting," for coming quickly.
"In stir," for someone being in jail.¹⁷



Cureth All Things

If you always put your stocking and shoe on the right foot first, you will never have cramps in your feet and legs.

Skin a mouse, boil it, and give the broth to a child. After drinking it, he will never wet the bed again.

To cure a sore throat take a dirty sock that has been worn on the right foot and apply some camphor to it. Then wrap it around the throat.

For bringing out the measles make a brew of sheep's manure and drink several times daily.

An elderly man who gave me some remedies told me he had heard people tell of curing colds by making a mouse pie and eating it. It was also supposed to cure children's diseases.

Mrs. O, who lives in Enosburg and is ninety-four years old, says that when her husband was a little boy he was given a unique treatment for curing mumps. His father put a horse's bridle over his head and led him down to the brook. There he drank water and returned to his home. Within three days the mumps were gone.

Split a bean and rub it on a wart during the time of a full moon.

The same night take it out and bury it in a cemetery. The wart will go away. But never tell where you buried it or the wart will return.

To cure any gall trouble the person afflicted should wear to bed a toque with a hole in the top and sleep with his mouth wide open.

To cure a goiter put a snake around the throat. It was necessary to do this only for a minute.

Mrs. B, who is eighty-six years old, said her grandmother could stop blood. People called her to come to their house whenever anyone was hurt. As soon as she went into the house and saw the patient, the bleeding stopped. She was in great demand among her friends and relatives. Mrs. B. told of many instances where all other methods failed, but Grandma "stopped the blood."¹⁸



Pretty Deep

It all happened one day while some men out hunting were arguing about the depth of the snow at that particular time. One oldtimer in the group declared it couldn't be anything like the snow storm of 1850 when it was fifty-five feet deep down at Newbury. He went on to say that one day two men from the village stopped at his father's farm and borrowed an ax to cut some holes in the ice as they wanted to fish in Hall Pond. In return for the use of the ax they promised him some fish.

When the two men reached the place where they thought the pond was, they started digging, and when they had gone down about three feet they discovered the top of a tall pine. Digging deeper, they came to a second branch and found much to their amazement a crow's nest containing two eggs and one young crow—white. The only reason they could give for the whiteness was that the snow was so high even the crows turned white.¹⁹



Leach Pie

(This recipe, which is about 125 years old, was used by my great grandmother. It was made to save sugar. My mother used it during World War I.)

Make pie crust by your own recipe. Line pie pan with crust. Place apples on crust and add a little water. Lay the top crust lightly over the apples, being careful not to crimp edges. Bake until apples

are soft. Remove from oven. Carefully lift off upper crust. Now add one cup sugar, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, a little grated nutmeg. Mix well with apples. Replace top crust and serve warm.²⁰



Love of Home

Sometimes people say that these Vermont farmers are not progressive, and are in a rut, but more likely it is a love of their home.

One old farmer returned home from a few days' visit to find that his daughter-in-law had had a new window cut in the kitchen to make it lighter. It was weeks before he could get used to it. He used to say:

"It ain't like the old home. It ain't like it used to be here."²¹



Corn Coffee

A sick person was often given corn coffee. This was made by taking whole kernels of corn and roasting them on the stove until they were a very dark brown. Next the kernels were put into a dish of water and boiled. This made a brown liquid which was served to the patient with sugar and milk or cream.²²



Still Ample

The diet of the early settlers consisted mostly of corn meal mush; that is, corn meal boiled in water to the consistency of a thick soup, to which milk was added. This was almost the sole item in the diet of a certain man who had the reputation of having a prodigious appetite. One day he went to the mill to get a supply of meal. The miller, thinking to tease his customer, said:

"I understand that you cook your pudding in a five-pail kettle."

To this the customer replied in some indignation: "No such thing, no such thing! It's a three-pail kittle!"²³



Believe It Or Not

Two chairs with backs together signified that company was coming to dinner.

Drop a dishcloth or silverware and company was sure to come.

Wind moaning through a closed door meant that death would occur in the family.

A dog howling at night signified death.

An old lady told me about a house she lived in. If a long candle was placed in the girl's room, it would be gone in the morning. If a short one was placed there, it would remain.

This same old lady said that before her brother died a hand with a black sleeve appeared in the window. She also said that before her grandmother died a bird flew against the window pane.

One woman told me that when she was small her parents took her to some relatives where someone was ill. She said that on two different nights someone came and tucked the bedclothes around her. No one in the house knew anything about it.

I once visited an old lady who told me so many things about the room where she put me to sleep, how she heard knocks and all kinds of noises, that I was almost frightened.²⁴



Just So

He is self-made, but he bungled the job.

A wise man changes his mind; a fool never does.

That which is well bought is half sold.

If the tool be dull, put the more strength thereto.

It is better to be a king among hogs than a hog among kings.²⁵



¹Evelyn S. Irish, Underhill; ²Kathleen E. Forbes, Waterbury; ³Evalena L. Osborne, Ferrisburg; ⁴Loretta R. Potter, Enosburg Falls; ⁵Amos J. Eaton, So. Royalton; ⁶Amos J. Eaton; ⁷Mildred L. Horican, Grand Isle; ⁸Irene C. Scott, Montgomery; ⁹Mary D. Kerylow, Hinsdale, N. H.; ¹⁰Amos J. Eaton; ¹¹Ethel E. Harvey, Hyde Park; ¹²Lillian L. Jacobs, Burlington; ¹³Mildred L. Horican, Grand Isle; ¹⁴Ethelyn Mullen, Richford; ¹⁵Therese Goodermote, Bennington; ¹⁶Ethelyn Mullen; ¹⁷Bernece Clark, Enosburg Falls; ¹⁸Kathleen M. Kchoe, Enosburg Falls; ¹⁹Jean G. Kennedy, Barre; ²⁰Loretta R. Potter, Enosburg Falls; ²¹Anna Fitzsimons, Burlington; ²²Evelyn S. Irish, Underhill; ²³Harriet C. Murdock, Whitingham; ²⁴Bernece Clark; ²⁵Amos J. Eaton.



Prize Contest Essays

I. THE HISTORY OF OUR VERMONT FARM by DAVID C. ARMS

This essay won first place in the Edmunds Memorial Prize Essay Contest for 1951. In addition to a first prize of \$75, Mr. Arms received a certificate of Merit signed by Governor Lee E. Emerson and President Leon S. Gay of the Society. Mr. Arms was a junior in the Burlington High School at the time of the contest. Editor.

OUR farm borders a main highway today. The house stands high on a hill overlooking the city, and we are only about a mile from the heart of town. The farm is called Intervale Jersey Farm and is owned by my father. It contains 360 acres, most of the land is located on the Burlington intervale bordering the Winooski River. The soil is very fertile, and we grow good crops.

Long ago, before the white man came to America, most of this land was under water. Indians inhabited the Champlain Valley, and along the Winooski River they grew abundant crops of corn and beans. The surrounding country was their happy hunting-ground. They waited for the animals to come down and drink in the streams; then they killed them with their bows and arrows. Even now we find arrowheads when we dig into our Winooski River bank.

The Indians called the river "Winooskie-Took" (the Onion Land River), and this was their water highway between Canaderi-Guarunete (Lake Champlain, "the lake that is the gate to the country") and the Quintucquet (Connecticut River, "the long tidal river.") For hundreds of years before any white man saw New England, wine-skinned Algonquins canoed on the Winooskie-Took, which flows northwest across Vermont through ridges and woods to the blue basin of Lake Champlain.

The Indians cleared acres of timber on the flatlands near the river mouth and planted their crops. They also fished on the silent waters of the bays, just as we do today. Thanks to Fish and Game Laws of Vermont, there must be just as much wild life along the Winooski today as there was over a century ago. We even have a small herd of deer that yard here on the intervale. Foxes follow our mower machines in the summertime to pick up field mice and such. We hear the cry of the coons at night in the corn, and ducks and geese fly out of the

marsh. It is not difficult to reconstruct the Indian ways of a century ago.

The Algonquin Indians (Canadian) convinced Samuel de Champlain that he ought to see the land of lofty mountains and the lake to the south, which was the largest inland lake in the East. Champlain decided that this country needed exploring, and in the name of Henry IV of France, he set out from St. Johns on the 18th of June and in the year 1609.

It is probable that he kept on the west side of the lake until he arrived at Cumberland Head, then crossed to the south end of Grand Isle, and thence to Colchester Point. From here he explored the Winooskie-Took that reached to the mountains. Hemenway's *Vermont Historical Gazetteer* quotes Champlain thus—"I saw on the east side very high mountains capped with snow. I asked the Indians if those parts were inhabited? They answered yes, and that there were in those parts beautiful vallies and fields fertile in corn—." Hemenway's book continues: "Besides he says he found upon the shores in the vicinity of the lake, large chestnut trees, which were the only ones he had seen since his first voyage to the country."

Reference to the chestnut trees fixes Champlain's landing-place near the brow of the hill in Burlington before going down to our intervale meadows. At that time one of the channels of the Winooski must have run closer to the bank than it does now, and the chestnut stumps four to five feet in diameter were found by President Torrey of U.V.M. on the "Van Ness" farm bordering ours. Chestnuts of this age have never grown elsewhere on Lake Champlain.

In 1772, Ira Allen, Ethan Allen, and Remember Baker came from Arlington to start a settlement at Winooski Falls. Ira Allen did the original survey of our farm, and he and his brothers did a profitable business selling pine masts and oak timber in Quebec. Ethan Allen of Ticonderoga fame built his homestead on our neighboring farm to the north and lived and died there.

Ira Allen lost his property because of debt, and the deed of our farm comes from Thaddeus Fletcher¹, father of Mary Fletcher, who endowed the Mary Fletcher Hospital and the Fletcher Free Library in Burlington.

Only once in the time of Thaddeus Fletcher did our farm figure in

¹T. R. Fletcher conveyed our farm to Philip V. Manwell on April 4, 1868, for \$24,000.² It is described as about 400 acres, mentioning Lake Champlain, Winoski River, Hopkins lot, and the glebe lands of the Episcopal Church for other boundaries.

²Recorded in Vol. 4, page 56, City Land Records.

Vermont history. Ralph Hill in his book *The Winooski* tells of the taking of the *Snake*. "On Dec. 22, 1807, Congress passed an embargo act which prevented boats owned in the United States from trading with Great Britain or her colonies. The citizens of the Champlain Valley, whose trade with Canada was their lifeblood, regarded this law as a grave injustice and many of the people of the Onion chose to disregard it."

Then began the career of the Black Snake, smuggling potash out at night to Canada. The sloop carried on for months, going over with one hundred barrels of potash per trip, until fate in the person of Lieutenant Farrington caught up with her on Aug. 1, 1808. The smugglers had been loading at night on our banks below the Falls, and then they would sail to the mouth of the river and down Lake Champlain, avoiding the *Fly*, a twelve-oared revenue cutter at Windmill Point. (It is said the smugglers used a small cave on our farm in which to store their goods. The cave is known today as "Devils' Den.")

*Then Farrington sailed down the Lake,
And thus he to the rebels spake,
'Orders I have to take the Snake
And all the smugglers on the Lake.*

The *Snake* hid in the marshes along the Onion, but eventually Farrington discovered her whereabouts. "There was a shot, then a series of shots. Drake, one of the men in the *Fly*, who had been preparing to take over the rudder from Farrington, sank down amidships,—'They've killed Drake!' shouted the Lieutenant.

"Despite the influence of the Federalists, Cyrus Dean, the smuggler who fired the blunderbuss, was convicted of murder and Samuel Mott of manslaughter. On Nov. 11, 1808, Dean was taken to the courthouse, where he heard his own funeral sermon. Then a crowd of ten thousand persons from all over Vermont marched behind the prisoner to the scaffolding which had been erected at the top of Ira Allen's pine plains. There they witnessed the first hanging in the state of Vermont."

Samuel Mott, a distant cousin of mine, escaped the gallows by sheer good luck, but got fifty lashes on his bare back and was sentenced to twenty years in prison. He later escaped and returned to his home town of Alburgh.

Vermont history does not mention our farm again until the flood of 1927. On Nov. 4, 1927, it had been raining steadily for three days,

and about forty head of our young stock and two horses were pastured on the intervale. Father spoke to old Charlie Lacasse, our foreman, about getting up the stock, but he thought there was no need to hurry.

On the morning of the 4th, he awaked my father at 5 A.M. "The river—she ain't come naturally. She come like a wall. Quick!" Sure enough, there was the river, thirty to forty feet high.

Father corralled all the rowboats at the dock in the city, and called the two local veterinarians. Then he hired men to go out in the boats, lasso the cows by their horns and row them in. He himself stood out in the water up to his waist and helped haul them in when the boats got near shore.

Everything came over our land on the crest of that flood. There were huge trees, houses, horses, chickens, and pigs from the Whitcomb Farm. Our old black horse and a colt we called Charlie swam together and could not be called or driven ashore. According to a story that appeared on the front pages of most newspapers of the country and was reprinted in all the Sunday School publications, "The old horse began to weaken and his head was seen to go under. The colt paused in uncertainty. As he did so, the old horse thrust his head out of the water and set his teeth in the mane of his young companion who, with a burst of his remaining strength, set out for shore. They reached it, too."

I wish the above story were true. Actually both horses got tangled in a barbed wire fence, and that is what slowed their progress. Both had to be sold after the flood.

Dad never forgot the river's damage. He became a district Supervisor and interested in the work of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service. He was one of those who interested the Service in making the Winooski a demonstration project. Our own river banks were rip-rapped, and Father blew a ditch with dynamite which turned into productive land over eighty acres of marsh.

When my father took over the farm in 1922, the farmhouse was remodeled and the old barns torn down. Charles Lacasse, the former caretaker, moved to a new frame-house put up for him on the beach road and stayed on to work for my father. Charles Lacasse still works for us—as do the Ladues and Martells who came in 1932.

Father stocked the farm with Jerseys, which he bought in Tunbridge. My mother says these were not the first Jerseys to pasture our intervale. Peter Leclair of Winooski bought a Jersey bull and three registered cows in 1873 in England. A year or so later he offered

Mr. Cooper of Tennessee 27 head for \$2500 because he needed the money badly. Mr. Cooper found the herd pastured on our meadows, and he launched it to fame in "the boom" days of 1880. He sold the bull to Mr. Sibley in Massachusetts, who later refused \$15,000 for him. Minnie of Oxford's bull calf, a few weeks old, sold for \$5000. Old Marjoram sold for \$600, and her day-old bull calf went to the President of the Adams Express Co. for \$15,000.

Who knows but we four boys may yet receive such prices for the calves we have raised in 4-H? Now the whole family breeds Jerseys for fun and profit.

If Dad's main contribution to the farm is his "Green Pasture" program, then Mother claims hers is bringing up us four boys to carry on the home farm in the Vermont way.

REFERENCES

The Winooski—Heartway of Vermont, Ralph N. Hill, pp. 127-132, 190; *Vermont Historical Gazetteer*, Vol. 1, Abby Maria Hemenway, pp. 658, 659; *Jersey Bulletin*, Aug. '41—"Blood Carries On," F. C. Arms, 1177-1199; *City of Burlington Land Records*, Vol. 4, p. 56; Vol. 16, p. 443; Vol. 79, pp. 614, 615.

2. AUTHOR AND TRUE VERMONTER by MARY K. KEARNEY

This essay won the first prize of \$15 in a contest, open like the Edmunds contest, to all students in Vermont high schools and academies. The contest was sponsored by the Rowland E. Robinson Association of Vermont. Editor.

ROWLAND EVANS ROBINSON, son of Rowland T. Robinson and Rachael (Gilpin) Robinson, the youngest in a family of four children, was born in Ferrisburgh, Vt., May 14, 1833. His people were Quakers, and belonged to the more liberal, or Hicksite, division of that religious sect. His great-grandfather, George Gilpin, was colonel of the Fairfax Militia in the War of the Revolution, an aide to General Washington, and one of the pall-bearers at his funeral.

The Robinson family came from Cumberland County, England, in 1675, living first in Boston and later buying a large tract of land from the Narragansett Indians. The Robinson who came to Vermont was Thomas of Newport, Rhode Island. He settled in Vergennes in 1791, and a few years later bought a farm in Ferrisburgh upon which is located the house where Rowland E. Robinson was born, where he spent most of his life, and where he died.

Rowland Evans Robinson was an ardent abolitionist, and many

of the leaders in the cause of anti-slavery were visitors in the home; William Lloyd Garrison was frequently there. The Underground Railroad was the means of transportation of fugitives from the South and slavery. The Robinson home was a "station," and there is a room in it—the "east chamber"—which was often called the "Slave Room." It is not a hidden room, but the doorway is inconspicuous and is at the far end of another bedroom. There the runaway slaves found a comfortable harbor. Robinson and his sister and brothers were never allowed to ask any questions about meals that were taken by Aunt Anne King up the backstairs to this room, but they understood from the act that a dusky fugitive was stopping there for a little while. The travelers were always taken by team at night to the next "station" nearer Canada. While they were not often followed so far north by the slave-holders, the tradition in the home was that at one time a Southerner came to Vergennes, four miles away, looking for a slave who had just been taken north from their place. Several of Robinson's stories are concerned with runaway slaves, one of the best of them being "Out of Bondage."

Of Rowland Robinson's early boyhood there is little to tell. One incident of his early days is illustrative of the strictness of the Quakers, adherence to what they call "plain language"—the use of "thee" instead of "you" in speaking to another person. Robinson and the other children considered that the worst offense they could give each other by means of speech, when provoked to ridicule or anger, was to say, "Thee old you." Some of the incidents in *Sam Lovel's Boy*—such as the imaginary companion, Peach Daunt—are from his own boyhood.

He went to school in the small shingled schoolhouse which stood until a few years ago on a part of the farm. The rough wooden benches and desks, deep-scarred with initials, which were there when he was a pupil were replaced with modern seats only about thirty years ago. Here it was that Governor John W. Stewart taught while a college student. He was Rowland's teacher in one of the two school buildings on the Robinson farm and he boarded in the Robinson home. The other building in which Robinson attended school was called Ferrisburgh Academy. It is still standing, a two-storied brick structure on a hill near the highway leading to Burlington. Joel S. Bingham and Lucien Chaney were the teachers there. Mr. Robinson was an unwilling student, but he was exceedingly fond of reading, and as the home was well supplied with books "he made amends for lack of study by reading over and over again, with ever-increasing

delight the *Waverly Novels*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and *Marmion*, and many books of travels and adventure." All his life he remained especially fond of history and historical novels.

Robinson liked drawing and had considerable talent for it, but he never received much regular instruction. From 1866 to 1873 a number of his drawings appeared in *Frank Leslie's Magazine*, the *American Agriculturist*, the *Rural New Yorker*, and *Hearth and Home*. At the old home there is a scrapbook filled with cuts from these magazines—many pictures of the animals and birds of this region, farm scenes, and many illustrated anecdotes showing the artist's keen sense of humor. He used many mediums for the expressing of beauty—pen and ink, wash, pencil, water-color and oils.

He never travelled farther from home than New York City, except for some winters spent there, and a part of one year in Nantucket with his sister. Otherwise, he never lived outside of Vermont.

In 1870, he was married to Anna Stevens of East Montpelier. She encouraged him to write and illustrate an article entitled "Fox Hunting in New England." This was sent to *Scribner's Magazine*, and much to his surprise it was accepted. At about this time he wrote several other papers which were published in the *Century Magazine*, in *Lippincott's*, and in *The Atlantic Monthly*. He was back on the home farm then, and he wrote about New England, choosing such subjects as "Merino Sheep," "New England Fences," and "A Vermont Marble Quarry."

General farm life was not very attractive to him, but he greatly liked some special parts of it such as orcharding, gardening, sheep-raising, and butter-making. Their orchard, then, was one of the finest in the Champlain Valley, and it was a keen pleasure to Robinson to put its fine, well-sorted apples on the market. He was a real shepherd, being gentle and patient with the timid sheep. There were three good-sized flocks on the farm. Even when he became nearly blind he cared for those sheep at the nearest barn. He was a good butter-maker, and he took great pride in this work. All of his butter was sent to the city markets in tubs, and the smooth white surface of the covers tempted his pencil. He would make sketches and illustrate funny dairy stories.

These years of manhood were tedious in many ways, but Rowland Robinson's love of the home of his father was strong; and as if their owner felt, in some unfathomed way, that his eyesight could not outlast his lifetime, his eyes watched with difficulty the wild-life of woodland and marsh, of field and stream. He loved to follow the

changing seasons; his eyes were quick to note the signs of nature's moods; and because they had been trained to look at form and color, these left indelible images on the brain. But not alone was the sense of sight active; those of smell and hearing were also alert. He was fond of fishing, but one could never think of him except as a very gentle hunter and angler. He was very much attached to his hounds, and the music they made as they followed a fox track was as good to him as the actual trophy which he was allowed to shoot through their efforts.

Rowland Robinson was an ideal companion for young and old. He could become a child with children, and many were the games of "Wild Injun" he played with his children on the ledge or along the lake. Even after he was blind, when the children had a circus, he was the elephant and carried one of the little folks on his bent, shawl-covered back with his hands in an extra pair of boots. His stories were original and interesting. In tales of frontier days, he could be heard making the wild howl of the wolf, now faint, now growing louder until the beast seemed following them instead of the pioneer families in the story, and the shivers would go up and down their backs when the stories were told.

With older people he was a comrade. He had a great fund of anecdotes and stories, and could recount them wonderfully well; his stories of Canucks, old Vermonters, and even negroes were inimitable. Most of the anecdotes in his written works he had heard actually. In such books as *Uncle Lisha's Shop*, *Sam Lovell's Camps*, the *Danvis Pioneer*, etc., he has portrayed the life of the early Vermonter in a simple but very charming manner, preserving the peculiar language of the New England country folk, who dwelt apart from the education and culture of the cities. It was a so-called "Canuck" dialect, a curious mixture of bad English and the speech of our neighbor across the line. He was a loyal friend, and the friendships of his youth endured through all the years.

Mr. Robinson and the uncle who lived with the family had, as young men, played in a band, and in the last years of his life he found great solace in playing the alto horn he had used in his earlier days. He had a sweet, though untrained voice, and knew many old songs.

In 1887, Rowland Robinson's eyesight began to fail. When he was a child, an older person, while combing his hair, accidentally stuck the comb into one of his eyes, and as a result this eye was always weak. When blindness threatened, operations were tried by New York specialists but little relief was gained. Gradually for him the

light faded and in 1893, he became totally blind. As soon as this affliction seemed imminent, his wife encouraged him, for his own amusement and to take his attention from his trouble, to write down the simple life of the old Vermont days. A grooved writing-board was procured from the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and by means of this he would follow along the groove, with his left fore-finger, the line which his right hand had just written in pencil. After he had finished with one page, his wife would read the manuscript, making necessary corrections and then copy them for the publishers. It was now that the earlier training served him well. There is not a page of his writings but has in it an artistic realism. The eyes that had seen the minutest detail of tree and bush, of bird and animal, had sent to the brain a faithful image of each; and now that those eyes were sightless the pictures were there to be written down and to be made living for their readers.

Writing became his constant comfort. Smoking, which at one time may have been injurious to his eyes, was also a consolation to him in his darkness. He was very fond of walking, and many miles along the woodsidcs and through the fields, woods, and pastures did he walk with one of his children for a guide—a strong hickory stick staff in his right hand, and the left upon the other's shoulder. His eyes, even when sightless, were a clear blue and full of expression. He almost always looked into the eyes of the person with whom he was speaking, and as he walked through the familiar rooms in an easy, straightforward manner it did not seem to the casual observer that he could be blind. A letter written by him in October of 1893, just after his sight had wholly gone, may be quoted here for the vigor of the figures it employs:

Your letter came just as I was unfolding my bat's wings for a first flight in the dark. I 'lit' twenty-four miles off, and after a week's comfortable visit sailed home again yesterday. I would rejoice to get a letter from either or both of you,—(*two contributors, that is, to Forest and Stream*),—but I shall not have the chance of rejoicing. I'm dead, I'm dead, as my schoolfellow, Charley R., shouted when he got a licking; and I know something how it seems to a man to hear the world going on around him, and he lying quiet under the grass.

Through a period of years he wrote a great deal for The Forest and Stream Co. A little pamphlet of about a dozen pages, entitled *Forest and Stream Fables* and published by that company, perhaps in 1885, was written and illustrated by him. It was the first of his writings to be printed as a sort of book, and Mrs. Robinson used to say

that he was prouder of it than of any of his subsequent works. His first series of sketches, *Uncle Lisha's Shop*, was published by the same company in 1887. It is the simple chronicle of the people of Danvis, who would come into the old shoe-maker's shop and there spend an evening of kindly gossip and story-telling. Many persons have asked if there were any real village such as Danvis and actual persons such as the Danvis people. Rowland Robinson had no special place in mind as he wrote, yet the surroundings described are more like those of Lincoln and Starksboro than of any town near Lake Champlain. Some of the inhabitants of those towns have been known to resent these stories, feeling that they and their neighbors were being ridiculed. Nothing was farther from the author's mind and heart. He loved the old days, and recorded the doings and sayings of that time in all sympathy and kindness. Of the people portrayed, Solon Briggs—seeming perhaps the least real—was the nearest akin to an actual person, being a distant cousin of the Robinsons and a Quaker preacher.

Sam Lovel's Camps followed in 1890. These camps were situated on a bluff near the entrance of Little Otter Creek into Lake Champlain, just south of Long Point. The next book, the *History of Vermont*, in the American Commonwealth Series, was published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company. All the material used in the preparation of this book had to be gathered and read by Mrs. Robinson; then Mr. Robinson absorbed and rearranged it, and wrote it on the little grooved board. *Danvis Folks* appeared in 1894, *In New England Fields and Woods* in 1896, *Uncle Lisha's Outing* in 1897, and *A Danvis Pioneer* in 1900. *Sam Lovel's Boy* was not published until after the author's death. In the late nineties he wrote two small historical novels, *In the Greenwood* and *A Hero of Ticonderoga*. *Out of Bondage* and *Hunting Without a Gun* are collections of stories and articles which his wife prepared for publication in book form some time after he died, and in 1912 there was published *Silver Fields*, composed of his remaining papers.

In May of 1899 he was stricken with a painful illness, and for the rest of his life, eighteen months, was confined to his bed. During this time he was almost constantly at work, flat on his back with the grooved board on his bent knees and his fingers busy with his pencil, even though the pain made him cry out as he was writing. In this way he wrote two books. *The Youth's Companion*, *Forest and Stream*, and the *Atlantic Monthly* were the periodicals to which he chiefly contributed. When he was awake and not writing, some member of the family usually read aloud to him, this in fact having been a family

custom ever since he had lost his eyesight. He loved to have visitors come, and many old friends and admirers entered the sick-room in his last illness. Another source of an enjoyment to him was his mail. He received a great many letters from young and old Vermonters, and he always answered each of these with his own hand.

On the fifteenth of October, 1900, a beautiful autumn day, Rowland Robinson passed away in the room where he was born. Through his trying illness, though suffering intense pain, and being bed-ridden and blind, he kept a triumphant spirit and brought to many readers fresh glimpses of Nature's beauties and of New England country life, with no hint of the trials through which he was passing as he wrote.

It would be unjust to close this paper without a word about the one who was the strongest comfort to him, his wife. She was a most wonderful helpmate, and her husband would have written little or nothing had it not been for her inspiration and courage. She was the means not only of finding a comforting work for him to do, but also of bringing forth his talent for giving enjoyment to others. She outlived Mr. Robinson by twenty years, passing on in August of 1920; it is a strange coincidence the the last of her life was sightless. The eldest daughter, Rachael, died in February of 1919, having become a busy and successful New York illustrator; she made all the cover designs for her father's books except the first two, which he made himself, and there are several illustrations by her in "Hunting Without a Gun."

The Robinson house in Ferrisburgh remains in the family's possession, and is nearly the same as it was in Mr. Robinson's day.

Rowland Robinson did most of his writing after he was deprived of his sight. Always a student of nature, his misfortune could not deprive him of the true sight, that of the mind, and out of this great treasure house, to the last, he was able to draw rich word-pictures.

A prominent feature of all his stories is their wholesomeness. It is said, of all the compliments paid his work the one which pleased him most was the testimony of a mother who said, "Mr. Robinson's books are the kind I like my boys to read." This is why Rowland E. Robinson stood easily ahead of all Vermont writers in the last half of the nineteenth century.

REFERENCES

1. *Vermonters—A Book of Biographies*—Genevra Cook; 2. *Out of Bondage and Other Stories*—Rowland E. Robinson; 3. *Biography of Rowland Robinson*—Mrs. Llewellyn R. Perkins; 4. *Vermont for Young Vermonters*—M. I. Kimball; 5. Information through correspondence with Mrs. Rowland T. Robinson, wife of the author's son.



Programs of Summer Conferences 1951

ON JULY 19, the Atwater Kent Tavern was the scene of the first day's activities marking the first two-day summer gathering of members and their friends. The general account of the pleasant occasion appeared in the July 1951 issue of *News and Notes*. An unusual feature was the first showing of pictures by James Franklin Gilman, an artist who found in the town of Calais, Vt., where the tavern is located, inspiration for his work in oil, crayon, charcoal, and other media. The pictures were shown in the ballroom of the old tavern, now in the possession of the Society. In addition to viewing the tavern, a gathering of about 300 enjoyed the hot-dish supper arranged by the Maple Valley Community Center of the town. In the weaving-room of the annex, Mrs. Gertrude Wheelock of Calais skilfully demonstrated the methods of spinning wool and flax on large and small spinning wheels. An exhibition of country dancing was given in the ballroom by a special group of dancers from Montpelier. This opening was informal. Next summer, the tavern will be formally opened, and notice will be given in ample time for members coming to Vermont to note the date in their summer calendars.

On the second day, the 20th, the dinner in the Pavilion Hotel in Montpelier drew about 150 members and guests. The program was as follows:

President Leon S. Gay, Presiding; Invocation—Reverend Gerald Russell FitzPatrick; Address—*Vermont Folklore at the Grass-Root Level*, Professor Burges Johnson; Songs—Spencer Wright of Montpelier; Address—*Don't Burn Those Manuscripts*, James Taylor Dunn; Songs—Nathalie Wiquist of Barre; Essay—*The History of Our Vermont Farm*, David C. Arms.

These "Dinner Notes" were a part of the printed dinner program:

The Vermont Historical Society and the New York State Historical Society are meeting at Basin Harbor, Vt., near Vergennes, August 16th, for a joint conference; and members of our Society will find the occasion an enjoyable and profitable one if they attend. The Basin Harbor Club, owned and managed by Allen P. Beach (VHS), is one of the most delightful lake pleasure spots in Vermont. The program will begin at 10 A.M. and close in the early afternoon. The topics discussed will deal with the history of the Lake Champlain Valley—still one of the most romantic and undiscovered regions of the East.

Members and their friends are invited. A complete announcement will go soon to all members in good standing, but reservations may be made now through the VHS office. . . . Mr. FitzPatrick (VHS) is pastor of the Unitarian Church in Montpelier; its building is the oldest in the city, having been erected in 1866. It stands serenely and stately amid the bustle of the city at the corner of Main and School Streets. . . . Professor Johnson (VHS), Vermont-born, now living in Stamford, Vt., at a home he calls "Fiddler's Rest," has had and is continuing a long and distinguished career as a teacher, editor, author, lecturer, and scholar. He is a member of the editorial board of the *Vermont Quarterly*. His whimsical versions of Vermont's "unnatural fauna," including the hoop-snake, riveter raven, and rubber-neck owl, have made a decided hit with *News and Notes* readers. . . . Mr. Dunn, in the top rank of the executives of the New York State Historical Association, Cooperstown, N. Y., is a graduate of Hamilton College and the Syracuse Library School. Four of his years out of the library field were spent in the Army—two in this country and two in England, France, Luxembourg, and Germany. . . . Mr. Arms, a junior in the Burlington High School at the time of submitting his essay, won first prize in the Edmunds Memorial Prize Essay Contest conducted annually on a state-wide basis by the Society. . . . Mr. Wright and Miss Wiquet are pupils of Mr. Frank Chatterton (VHS), their accompanist. Mr. Chatterton is a member of the faculty of Vermont Junior College, Montpelier, and the head of the college's Summer School of Music. . . . The Pavilion Hotel is an institutional member of the Society. . . . This program was printed by The Leahy Press of Montpelier, an institutional member of VHS.

On August 16, the sixth conference of the Vermont Historical Society and the New York State Historical Association was held at Basin Harbor, Vt., at the Basin Harbor Club. In spite of unkind weather, 150 members and guests of both societies appeared for what proved to be a very enjoyable and profitable meeting. Realizing that such conferences have lasting value, the Society's staff assembled from various files a complete list of the speakers and topics at the previous conferences, and here it is:

1. THE FIRST CONFERENCE—July 1, 1939—Ticonderoga

Professor Leon W. Dean—*Collections of Historical Material In and Around Burlington*; Hugh McLellan—*The Pliny Moore Collection*; Florence C. Allen—*The Shelburne Museum*; Address by Dr. Dixon R. Fox; John H. Bailey—*The Champlain Archaeological Society*; Agnes K. Lawson—*Notes on the Vermont Historical Society's Collections Relating to Lake Champlain*; C. Eleanor Hall—*Some Miscellaneous Historical Material*.

2. THE SECOND CONFERENCE—June 29, 1940—Basin Harbor
Wallace E. Lamb—*Research Subjects for Lake Champlain Historians*; J. Leo O'Gorman—*Journals of Early Travels in Vermont and the Lake Champlain Valley*; Hugh M. Flick—*Elkanah Watson and the North Country*; H. Jermain Slocum—*Plans for Archaeological Study and Exploration*; Helen Hartness Flanders—*Folk Songs and Ballads of Vermont*.
3. THE THIRD CONFERENCE—June 28, 1941—Hotel Champlain
Guy O. Coolidge—*The Champlain Valley During the French and Indian Wars*; Martha Bigelow Wardenburg—*Will Gilliland, Champlain Valley Pioneer*; Mary G. Nye—*Tories in the Champlain Valley*; Arthur A. Carr—*Tombstone Hounds and Their Work*; Thomas J. Cook—*Ticonderoga's Feast of the Green Corn*; Daniel B. Carroll—*The Entry of Vermont into the Union, 1791*; Marjorie L. Porter—*The Pride of the Saranac*; William R. Folsom—*The St. Albans Raid of 1864*; Edward A. Hoyt—*Recent Research Developments*.
4. THE FOURTH CONFERENCE—June 28, 1947—Burlington
Doris J. Harvey—*Development of the Wilbur Library*; Stanley Gifford—*Recent Changes at Ticonderoga*; Judge Berne A. Pyrke—*Century Farms of the Champlain Valley*; Frederick F. Van de Water—*The Raid on St. Albans, 1864*; Jane M. Lape—*The McIntyre-Henderson Papers*; Earle Williams Newton—*Gateway Museums: A Program for Vermont*; Professor Leon W. Dean—*The Writing of Historical Fiction*.
5. THE FIFTH CONFERENCE—June 26, 1948—Ticonderoga
Guy Omeron Coolidge—*France Versus the Wilderness in the Champlain Valley*; Doris Begor Morton—*Philip Skene*; Ray Fadden—*Migrations of the Mohawks*; Duane L. Robinson—*Rowland Robinson*; Jane M. Lape—*Iroquois Exhibits at Headquarters House*; Louis C. Jones—*The Farmers' Museum and Its Philosophy*.

Here is the program for the morning and afternoon sessions. Mr. Folsom's paper appeared in the July 1951 issue of the *Quarterly*. Mr. Berry's story of the migration of Vermonters to northern New York will be found in this issue.

10 A.M. MORNING SESSION

LEON S. GAY, *President, Vermont Historical Society*, Presiding

1. WILLIAM FOSS—*Conservation Resources of the Champlain Valley*
[Mr. Foss is Assistant Director of the Division of Lands and Forests of the New York State Conservation Department and Representative of the Department on the Champlain Valley Interstate Development Commission.]

2. ELEANOR MURRAY—*Manuscript and Library Resources of the Champlain Valley*

[Miss Murray is Assistant Director and General Manager of the Fort Ticonderoga Museum.]

3. WILLIAM R. FOLSOM—*The Battle of Valcour Island*

[Mr. Folsom, a member of the Chicago Historical Society, a summer resident on South Hero and long identified with the best interests of the Island, has given careful, prolonged study to various phases of Champlain history.]

12:45 P.M. LUNCHEON

2:00 P.M. AFTERNOON SESSION

JUDGE BERNE A. PYRKE, *Vice President, New York Historical Association*, Presiding

1. EARLE WILLIAMS NEWTON—*New England and Champlain History in Three Dimensions*

[Mr. Newton, formerly Director of VHS, is now Director of Old Sturbridge Village, Sturbridge, Mass.]

2. WATSON B. BERRY—*Vermonters Cross Lake Champlain*

[Mr. Berry, a former Assistant Attorney General of the State of New York, is now investigating the emigration of Vermonters to Northern New York. His preliminary articles are appearing in the *Watertown* (N. Y.) *Daily Times*. His final studies will be published in book form.]

3. *The Price of Liberty*—Historical Radio Programs of the Junior League of the State of New York. Topics—(a) The Battle of Oriskany (b) The Iroquois Confederation.

The Vermont Historical Society is host at this conference.





Postscript

"The more that we know about the past, the more wisely can we face the uncertainties of the future."—JONATHAN FORMAN

While I view a kitchen door with cautious eyes—although I did venture in with Father Maloney's recipe for Irish bread [see July 1951 *Quarterly*]*—it so happens that I have been looking with fascinated eyes and a certain degree of lingual moisture at a tattered old book entitled, Mrs. A. L. Webster's Improved Housewife, one item among other generous gifts by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fairbanks (VHS) of Washington, D.C. I venture to say that much modern cooking seems to me too modern—just as if the wisdom in the kitchen dated from last month, and the most recent volume issued by someone on the staff of a New York publisher or magazine.*

The title page carries this legend: *"The Improved Housewife or Book of Receipts with engravings for marketing and carving by A Married Lady alike experienced in the vicissitudes of life and in housewifery; whom admonitory years now invite to a more retired and less active life, cheered by affectionate remembrance of patron-friends."* A cook with the experience indicated must have been a real cook; and look at the motto she prints—*"She riseth while it is yet dark—looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."* So far in distance is that quotation that we boldly offer any female member of our membership a pleasing book from our list if she can give us the source of that quotation, but no member over fifty years of age is eligible, please note.

The *Housewife* was published in Hartford in 1850 by Ira Webster. The preface has this paragraph: "While this book is intended for all classes of society, embracing receipts both for rich and plain cooking, it is especially intended as a guide to those who *cook well*, and *please the palate at small expense*—considerations of no small importance at *all times*." And at "all times" is the right phrase.

Why, O why, have so many gorgeous receipts—from a man's point of view—been lost down the humdrum years? Note the titles: 51. Scotch Collops, 67. Souse (the pig's ears were used in addition to the feet), 124. Mushroom Catsup, 194. Bird's Nest Pudding (never mind the "nest" inference), 208. Sago Pudding, 220. Mock Oysters

of Green Corn, 255. Almond Custard, 333. Whigs, 384. Breakfast Rice Cakes, 398. Apple Snow, 425. Potato Snow Balls, 545. Spring Beer. Ah, well, perhaps there is a reason—no mention is made of cooking oils made from this and that; it is butter and lard and herbs. Perhaps the magic is in them, for the book is one for a mere male with an appetite to dream over.

* * *

A Vermont vagrant like myself, roaming over the state, discovering beauty in all seasons at so many unsuspected corners and seeing or sensing the touch of history at almost every turn, wonders over and over again that more vagrants, born like himself with dusty heels, do not seek out the Vermont mountains, most of them to this day, in a real sense, undiscovered country. Automobile roads to the tops of some are fine, for thousands would not seek them in any other way, but the leisurely climb with many resting spots does not tax even hikers far beyond their prime. Jay Peak is really one of the undiscovered beauty spots.

Eighty-two years ago these words were written about the view from Jay Peak, and the words will be true long after hundreds of generations have passed:

There is nothing but the distant mountains to intercept the view in any direction. The base is surrounded with a broad tract of forest, covering valleys, glens and mountains. A little beyond the forest are rivers, ponds, groves, farms, roads and villages. Further off, looking in all directions near and remote, the observer may see Mount Mansfield, Camel's Hump, and other dignitaries of the Green Mountain Range; the White Mountains, Mount Hor, Pisgah, Westmore Mountain, Mount John; the mountains about the headwaters of the Connecticut, the Chaudiere and the Androscoggin, Barnston Mountain, Owl's Head, Sutton Mountain, Victoria Mountain, and many others with them; the great plateau of the Saint Lawrence, Richelieu and Yamaska rivers, adorned with the insulated mountains, Shefford, Gale, Brome, Yamaska, Rougemont, Beloeil, Johnson, Boucherville, Pinnacle, Covey Hill, and Mount Royal; the Laurentides range beyond the Saint Lawrence, and Lake Champlain, where the view beyond is bounded by the bold outline of the Adirondacks.

The old account uses this line from Ruskin: "Mountains are both schools and cathedrals," and our wise readers will pause over that simple line.

* * *

Jay Peak is in the town of Jay whose history is incomplete and dim, the story in Hemenway's *Vermont Historical Gazetteer* being about all we have as a source. The area was granted in 1800 as the town of Carthage, and the first settler came in 1809. John Jay, appointed by Washington Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, was a staunch friend to Vermont in the days of the contest between New York and Vermont; the town was renamed after him, and a large part of the land of the township was granted to him. In 1810, the population was 28, in 1870, 553; at present, it is 230.

* * *

Friendly queries as to what had happened to our book review department merit an answer. Beginning with the next volume, in 1952, a full staff of competent reviewers, now being organized, will be assigned to Vermont books of all types, including the state reports. Developing a sound editorial policy for both the *Quarterly* and *News and Notes* has not been easy, and we are going forward carefully on the basis of the old Vermontish philosophy that two fast steps ahead do not amount to much when you slip back one or both; but we can assure our readers that in the Vermont Bookshelf they will find a definitive list of books that deal with Vermont, and through our Book Shelf Service, we will make them available. Moreover, we are discussing with responsible and able Vermont men and women the possibility of setting up a publishing fund through which we may publish a number of long beloved Vermont books that are out of print. We will welcome suggestions as to ways and means of reaching this goal, and also titles of books for such a list.

* * *

Mr. Dunn's entertaining and at the same time well-reasoned and earnest plea that old documents of all kinds be carefully saved for thoughtful review by competent eyes before the papers are discarded should make history in itself. The idea that such old documents have value is comparatively new, but we here and there in Vermont have been sowing the idea and meeting with generous co-operation among our members. However, beyond our members, there is a wide range of Vermonters who own old homes who regard the old papers in the attic as trash, to be kept in the attic until some day when the "attic

will be cleaned." While to me Vermont's spring house-cleaning day is one of the most painful days in the year's calendar, clearing the attic can be adventure, and our staff will be glad to lend a hand in examining any old manuscripts, newspapers, books, letters, that come to light. The little fellow who found such a pack of letters and distributed them through the neighborhood, playing postman, not knowing the letters were all love letters, was going a bit too far perhaps, even though to the joy of the neighbors. Here at VHS we keep secrets well.

* * *

Mr. Berry has found a rich field for investigation, and his pleasant paper gives a hint of his own enthusiasm in his research and the possibilities that lie before him. VHS members with an interest in northern New York who wish to go along with him in his journey into the past may like his address—Watson B. Berry, Apartment 3A, 414 West 118th St., New York 27, N. Y. Lafayette is part of Vermont's imperishable memories. No complete study has been made of his Vermont visit although competent work has been done. The issue of the *Montpelier Watchman* for July 5, 1825, which contained the story of his visit to Montpelier is very rare, but Mrs. Koier of the staff, sensing that the *Watchman* account might have been reprinted in another newspaper of that time, did find the account, with others, in the Burlington *Northern Sentinel*. It is evident across a century and more how deep was the affection for Lafayette even among our non-demonstrative people.

* * *

The Little Red Schoolhouse never seems to lose its appeal to the memory of an older generation and the imagination of a younger. We have tried to locate manuscripts which reflect the teacher's point of view, and the story in this issue of a fourteen-year-old girl's experiences is the best we have found. Another paper in our files gives the memories of a successful college teacher, now retired, looking across the years to his days as a scholar. Somehow or other, no matter how ineffective from the modern education viewpoint, the little red schoolhouse became a permanent part of many lives and mighty events.

* * *

The Society is lax in extending its services to the graded schools of the state, but the cost of sending the *Quarterly* and *News and Notes* to 900 schools is far beyond our present resources. Members of the Society who remember some school with affection might send a gift

membership; we will welcome these memberships and will see to it that the school knows about the gift. The \$3 membership would include the two above publications; the \$5 would mean the choice of a book also. The Society does, however, conduct the Edmunds Memorial Prize Essay contest with the aid of a fund established by the daughter of U. S. Senator Edmunds during the presidency of John Spargo; and the contest is eminently successful. This year, essays were invited in the contest on the subject of Rowland E. Robinson.

* * *

Miss Weld, whose "grandfather sketch," seems to us to speak of many a Vermont grandfather and to those of us who knew him, was born in Morristown, Vt. After graduation from Middlebury College, she became one of the thousands of exiles from Vermont over the years who have contributed Vermont qualities to the state of their exile. In Indianapolis, she was a teacher of English, a principal of two different schools; she served on the Indianapolis Council of Administrative Women in Education, and is a member of the Indiana University Woman's Club. Her address is 5341 Central Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

Vermonters and those of Vermont extraction and also those who find in Vermont something that answers to some inner need of soul and mind, even body, will find echoes of their thoughts in the toasts given on the occasion of Lafayette's visit. It is worth remembering that these toasts were spoken in days so close to the actual events to which they referred that any false note would have been avoided by the speaker. Of the toasts given, I like these:

General Lafayette: *Vermont, Montpelier, and the Green Mountains, from which was early echoed and valiantly supported the Republican cry for Independence and Freedom—May its happy results be more and more enjoyed by the sons of the Green Mountains.*

The Departed Heroes of the Revolution: *"We could not forget them if we would—we would not forget them if we could."*

And then this, prophetic as we see now the stirrings of men in far-flung places toward a national freedom: *The nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa—In spite of tyrants, may the people have knowledge, and energy sufficient to establish for themselves republican governments.*

A.W.P

GENERAL INFORMATION

Membership in the Society is open to any individual or institution.

AIMS AND PURPOSES

THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, founded one hundred and twelve years ago, is the *official historical society* of the State of Vermont. Housed in the State Library Building at Montpelier, it maintains a Library, Reading-Room, the State Museum, and furnishes a wide range of services to the State and individuals through its staff. It publishes scholarly and general books of lasting value; its rich collections contain priceless material for the study of community, state, and national history; it serves as headquarters for the local historical societies of the State. It also functions as an educational institution, seeking to promote the study of history in both popular and research phases. Its aims are to preserve for the future valuable relics, data, and documents, to emphasize an understanding of history as an asset to the people of the State, including its youth, as an approach to the problems of man in his relation to society, and as a method of clarifying the permanent values that underlie achievement in human experience. The Society is supported in part by appropriations of the General Assembly, but the major part of its necessary income is drawn from private gifts, contributions, endowments, and membership fees. Its affairs are under the direct control of representatives of the State, *ex officio*, and a Board of Curators who are recognized leaders in professional and business fields.

CLASSES OF MEMBERSHIP

Names and addresses of possible members are given prompt attention.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS. \$100. No annual dues. Includes subscription to the official magazine of the Society, *The Vermont Quarterly*, a monthly publication, the *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and a free copy of every book published by the Society after the receipt of the dues and during the member's lifetime.

V.H.S. ASSOCIATES. \$25 annual dues. Includes subscription to *The Vermont Quarterly*, *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and a free copy of each book published by the Society in the current year.

INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERSHIP. \$10 annual dues. Includes *The Vermont Quarterly*, *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and free copies of monographs or other special studies containing the results of economic research in business and industrial fields from a historical point of view.

SUSTAINING MEMBERSHIP. \$5 annual dues. Includes *The Vermont Quarterly*, *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and a discount of $33\frac{1}{3}$ percent on selected Society publications.

ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP. \$3 annual dues. Includes *The Vermont Quarterly*, the *V.H.S. News and Notes* and a discount of 10% on selected Society publications.

All members are entitled to the complete services of the Society, including the answering of questions involving historical matters, the assembling of research data, the preparation of club programs, the furnishing of speakers for special occasions, and various other forms of assistance.

A membership, except a life membership, holds for one year, beginning on the day of the receipt with dues of the application or certificate.

SELECTED TITLES FROM THE PUBLICATIONS
of the
VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Books listed below may be ordered directly at the price indicated. Members of the Society are given a 10 per cent discount on any volume.

1. *The Capture of Ticonderoga* by Lucius Chittenden. Documents, notes. 172 pp. \$1.50
2. *Biography of Thomas Davenport, Inventor of the Electric Motor* by W. R. Davenport. Illus. Index. 165 pp. \$3.00
3. *Vermonters* by D. B. E. Kent. Famous Vermonters, their birthplaces, their records. 187 pp. \$1.50
4. *The Upper Connecticut: Narratives of its Settlement and its Part in the Revolution*. 2 vols. 300 pp.; 286 pp. (\$2.25 per vol.) \$4.50
5. *The Story of a Country Medical College; a History of the Clinical School of Medicine and The Vermont Medical College, Woodstock, Vermont 1827-1856* by F. C. Waite. Illus. 213 pp. \$4.50
6. *Vermont During the War for Independence . . . Being Three Chapters from the Author's Natural and Civil History of Vermont*. published in 1794, by Samuel Williams. 104 pp. Wrappers. \$1.25
7. *People of Wallingford* by B. C. Batcheller. 328 pp. \$3.00
8. *History of Londonderry* by A. E. Cudworth. 228 pp. \$3.00
9. *History of Marlborough* by E. H. Newton. 330 pp. \$3.50
10. *History of Barnard* by W. M. Newton. 2 vols. 879 pp. Illus. Folding Maps. \$6.00
11. *History of Pomfret* by H. H. Vail. 2 vols. 687 pp. Illus. Folding Maps \$5.00
12. *List of Pensioners of the War of 1812* by B. N. Clark. \$1.50
13. *Vermont Imprints Before 1800* by Elizabeth F. Cooley. 133 pp. \$1.50
14. *Heads of Families: Second Census of the United States: 1800. The State of Vermont*. Folio, 233 pp. \$3.00
15. *The First Medical College in Vermont. Castleton 1818-1862* by Frederick Clayton Waite. 280 pp. 13 ill. Catalog of graduates and non-graduates. Index. \$5.00.

FROM the turbulent day of her birth through the period during which she maintained a separate and independent existence, and during the hundred years that she has borne her faithful part as a member of the great republic, the history of Vermont is one that her people may well be proud of. Such shall it continue to be, if her sons depart not from the wise and fatherly counsel of her first governor, "to be a faithful, industrious, and moral people," and in all their appointments "to have regard to none but those who maintain a good, moral character, men of integrity, and distinguished for wisdom and abilities." So may the commonwealth still rear worthy generations to uphold and increase her honorable fame, while her beautiful valleys continue, as in the long-past days of their discovery, "fertile in corn and an infinitude of other fruits."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON

in

VERMONT—A STUDY OF INDEPENDENCE

1892